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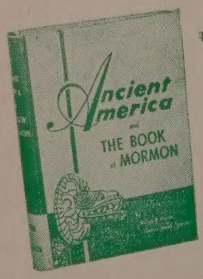

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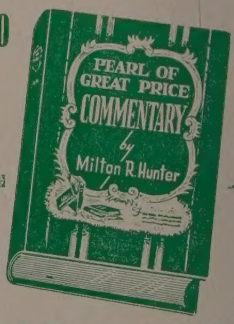

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Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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From Near and Far

Our family certainly needs the *Magazine*. We have five lovely daughters and six stalwart sons, and as each one comes along to "story" age he enjoys the *Magazine*.

—Lovetta Slade
Redmesa, Colorado

It seems that I have always enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*. First, it was the stories when I was a girl. Now my children read the stories, and I read it all.

—Mildred McKenzie
Boise, Idaho

I should like to take this opportunity to thank you for a wonderful *Magazine*. It means so much to me. Isolated as we are from any branch of the Church, indeed from any other members of the Church, it seems to bring renewed cheer and encouragement to me with every reading, and provides a goodly portion of the spirit of the Lord.

—Maurine B. Hansen
Rock Boy Agency,
Box Elder, Montana

The October number came yesterday. It is equal to each of its predecessors. I always say *The Relief Society Magazine* is the best of buys in this inflated age. I especially liked the article "Evils and Designs . . . of Conspiring Men" by Dr. LeRoy A. Wirthlin. Mothers must work diligently with their young, while young, to stamp out the cigarette habit, which is taking over the entire world. I surely like short prose of poetic standards, such as the article by Ida Isaacson, "Our Land," and "New Values in the Family Hour," by Fay Knight Jones, also many previous ones written by Caroline Eyring Miner. May our *Magazine* bring us more of these with every issue. I cannot stop without mentioning the poetry. Eva Willes Wangsgaard's "Lost Season" is beautiful. Mirla Greenwood Thayne's "Design for Leaves" is enchanting. What could be cuter than Pansy Powell's "Rainmaker" and Iris Schow's "Caterpillar"?

—Frances C. Yost,
Bancroft, Idaho

We have enjoyed *The Relief Society* Magazine, as it comes into our home each month.

—Harry Harpster, Jr.
Burley, Idaho

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much and have been a constant reader of it for many years. At home (Provo, Utah) I always read my mother's issues, and when we moved here, a year and a half ago, I subscribed for myself. I am always rereading some particular poem or story that I especially like.

—Blanche Moore
Chicago, Illinois

So many of us have received so much good from the music articles written by Sister Florence J. Madsen (1950-52) that we sincerely hope they will be continued in the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. McDowell
Layton, Utah

We should like to express our appreciation to those who write and edit *The Relief Society Magazine*. We did read it each month as it came to our home in Salt Lake City, but our appreciation of it has grown since we came here to England with our parents President and Sister A. Hamer Reiser. As our copy is received we each take our turn at reading it, and we often refer to it for talks, suggestions to the sisters in the mission, and things of interest to all of us. The poems and stories are suited for all ages and groups and we never tire of reading and rereading them. Mother enjoys telling the Relief Society members of all the good material that is found in the *Magazine*, and on some occasions father has taken it up to enjoy. It is always on hand for the many people who come into this home, and the elders find many things of interest.

—Elaine and Carolyn Reiser
(16 and 14 years of age)
Office of the British Mission,
London, England

They Looked for Him

Lael W. Hill

They looked for him to come in a great splendor,
Robed in the purple of a potentate,
Charioted and crowned, after the manner
Of David or of Solomon.

Through their long wait
They looked for him to come with a loud sounding
Of trumpets, with a bright sword in his hand,
To vanquish all the Caesars and the Herods
And bring new wealth to glorify the land.

Their priests and prophets, telling of Messiah,
Said he would be a king come saving them—
And so they looked for him to be with armies,
Invincible . . . .

Some few, at Bethlehem—
Poor shepherds from the hill, three weary Magi,
The humble-minded and the truly wise—
Noted the star, the Child born in a stable.

How many others turned away their eyes,
Still looking for a king with mace and sceptre—
So blinded by the literal, worldly word
They missed the greater glory of their Savior—
And never knew the coming of their Lord.

The Cover: Pyracanthus Berries
Photograph by Josef Muench
Frontispiece: Christ Blessing a Child, from a painting by
Carl Bloch, Camera Clix, New York

Home, and the Building of Home Life

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

MY brethren, you do not count for much here today, and you sisters of the Relief Society, the greatest organization of women in the world, the oldest national organization in this country, I come before you at the request of your presidency with a hope and a prayer in my heart that I may say nothing that will mar the wonderful spirit of this meeting, and, on the other hand, if the Lord blesses me, I may add something, perhaps, to what has been said.

Relief Society Building

I should like, first, to congratulate you upon the nearer approach of the building of a house that shall be yours. I do not know how many of you know just what happened to a building that was erected for you once before. That is the building of which you now occupy a small part. You have heard the story of the camel, which, being on the outside of the tent with a great sandstorm coming on, put his nose under the edge of the tent and asked the master to let him keep his nose there. It was pretty bad outside. Then the camel put in his head, and his ears, and then his front quarters, and finally his whole body, when he kicked the master out.

That is almost an exact duplication of what has happened to you sisters in the building of which you now have a part. Originally yours, the brethren began to move in on you, and then they moved farther and farther, but by dint of hard work and earnest struggle, you still maintain a part of it.

I charge the brethren who are younger than myself, and who will come along after us who are now in charge, that they see to it that no such thing as that happens to this new building, but that when it is built, and you get into it, that they leave you alone and let you enjoy it.

Home Life

The sisters of the presidency came to me and asked me to speak, and more or less gave me the topic about which they would like me to talk. They said it was my turn this time. There did not seem to be any way of my getting out of it, so I came along. I am not going to say anything new or startling —well, I may say something startling, I do not know, but I am not going to say anything that is new.

Instead of thinking of this as an address to you, I would like to think of it as sort of counseling together with you about the subject which I finally picked as covering what the sisters wished me to say: "Home, and the Building of Home Life." I am going to recall to you a number of elements that go into

the building of home life. I repeat, you have heard them all before.

In the first place, I would like to remind you sisters again of your divine calling. You are created and placed on the earth to be the mothers of the spirits that were created by our Heavenly Father to come to this earth and prove themselves whether or not they could obey all the commandments which the Lord, their God, should give them. That is your great mission. Everything else is subordinate to that.

Hostesses to Children

Then I would like you to know that no daughter nor no son of yours has ever intruded himself into your family. You invited him in, you invited her in, they are your guests, and you owe to them all that a good hostess owes to her guests. I think we cannot hold that too firmly in mind.

I would like, then, to suggest to you that as a host, not only are you furnishing them a body, but you are also supposed to furnish them a healthy body. I know that among the best, the most perfect homes, and from the most perfect bodies, there comes, sometimes, a malformation. I know that. Somewhere, I suppose, way back beyond the reaches of our memories or our knowledge, some mother or some father committed a wrong which passes down.

But this you can do, and this I think it is your responsibility to do: you yourselves can so live that nothing of that sort shall come to your children as the result of your misdoing. What comes from the past you cannot control; but what comes to the future, in that you may have a large part. Do not forget the law of heredity, sometimes laughed to scorn by the learned; but I am as persuaded as I am that I am talking to you, that there is much in heredity.

Do not forget, either, that there is a very close relationship between the physical body and the spirit. I do not know the relationship, but my observation teaches me that the debauched, polluted body almost never gives a housing to a spirit that is not touched by that pollution. Such a debauched body and a healthy, growing spirit seem not to go together.

So live wisely, live as the Lord commanded, obey his commandments, and then you will do your part, and whatever may come to your loved ones will not be your responsibility. Motherhood is the highest type of service of which we mortals know.

Right Kind of Home

In building your homes, there are a number of things that you know as well as I, should be there.

If you are going to build the right kind of a home that shall be a place in which you can train in the ways of God, these spirits whom you have invited to come to you (they are not intruders), then there must be in that home, love. There can be no real home life where there is no love.

Next, there must be prayer; a prayerless abode is not a home.

There must be in that home, honor. We must be honorable as among ourselves, as parents, as children, as brothers and sisters.

There must be mutual respect. We must respect one another. Even love will not take the place of respect.

There must be example. We, the parents, must set the example. Do not forget that. You young parents, particularly, do not think that your children will walk the straight and narrow paths, if your lives make detours. Live as the Lord has commanded.

There must be obedience, not by force, that is, not by physical force. There must come obedience from the spirit, imposed by the spirit of the father and the mother, and that imposition is one of love and kindliness.

There must be seemliness in the home, and by seemliness I mean that the home conversation must not be on low and vulgar levels. A vulgar story has no place around the home fire, around the table, no place in the sitting room. It is wholly out of order. A vulgar story is a cheap kind of amusement.

Bring into your home the best of culture, of education. They must be in the home. I would have you reflect for a moment upon the fact that a tremendous amount of the modern art, of the modern literature and music, and the drama that we have today is utterly demoralizing—utterly. Scarcely an "ad" in the paper (that is an exaggeration), but too many "ads" in the paper are sexy, designedly so. Your music—well, I do not know how far above the tom-tom of the jungle it is, but it is not too far. And your drama, plus music—some of it came out of the voodoo huts. You know the names that some of your choice dances had when they were first introduced; maybe you have rechristened them, given them a sort of respectability.

These things you must watch. They all have their effects on the children. Make your home life as near heaven life as you can.

You fathers and mothers, keep track of the recreation, amusement, of your children. I know I am proposing a very difficult thing. But every parent should try to learn this from the girl or boy who goes out for the evening: where, with whom, at what. Try to bring that nearness between yourselves and your children that they will be able to repose in you the confidence which it is necessary that they should have in order to give you the answers to those questions. I repeat, I know I am giving you a hard task.

Chastity—a Sacred Possession

The sisters asked me, particularly, to say something about chastity. I am going to talk about it. I hope you will pardon the plainness of it, but in order that I might be reasonably sure that I meant what I said, I have written that out.

I wish to conclude my remarks with some observations about chastity, the most sacred possession of youth or age. It is more precious than life itself.

I shall speak with great plainness, yet as delicately as I can. But gross abominations must be called by their right names, and our attacks against them must be direct and as forceful as we can make them.

Before proceeding with that dis-

cussion, I wish to say a very few words on the subject of marriage.

The patriarchal blessings given to our people show that a very great preponderance of them belong to the tribe of Joseph, most come in through Ephraim, though some come through Manasseh. The Lord enjoined upon ancient Israel that they marry only among themselves, "For," said the Lord, "thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God" (Deut. 7:6).

I have not seen where the Lord has released us, as members of a tribe of Israel, from that law. I earnestly urge the youth of modern Israel strictly to observe that law and to marry only as by that law provided. This is the Lord's decreed way. The same dangers that beset ancient Israel from intermarriage,the mixing of blood with the nations among whom they lived, also beset us—the danger of infection with the heresies, the iniquities, and sinfulness that exist among unbelievers.

Fuel Added to Flames

Returning to the law of chastity: Many influences (more than ever before in my lifetime) are seeking to break down chastity with its divinely declared sanctity. The schoolroom, the press, authors, poets, artists, dramatists, musicians—all, consciously or unconsciously, are adding fuel to this flame of sexuality that is sweeping over the world.

In schoolrooms the children are taught what is popularly called "the facts of life." Instead of bringing about the alleged purpose of the teaching, that is, the strengthening of the morals of youth, this teaching seems to have had directly the opposite effect. The teaching seems merely to have whetted curiosity and augmented appetite. Never before, in my lifetime, has immorality had the tolerance and the prevalence it has today among youth and the middle-aged.

Reports, too freqent and well-authenticated to be ignored, are that some teachers in our colleges —some near and some farther off— are teaching their unmarried students that the sex urge is like hunger and thirst and is to be satisfied at their wills. I have spoken about this on other occasions. I now repeat: He who teaches this depraved doctrine is acting as an emissary of Satan. No amount of ridicule, sarcasm, no trifling pettifoggery with scientific truths, no atheistic sophistries, can change this fundamental fact.

There are other abominations that go along with this. With genuine apologies, I will mention some by way of warning.

The person who teaches the nonsinfulness of self-pollution is in the same class with the teachers who prostitute the sex urge.

So also the person who teaches or condones the crimes for which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed—we have coined a softer name for them than came from old; we now speak of homosexuality, which, it is tragic to say, is found among both sexes. I wonder if you girls have ever reflected on the thought that was in the mind of the man who first began to praise you for your boyish figures. Not without foundation is the contention of some that the homosexuals are today exercising great influence

in shaping our art, literature, music, and drama.

I forebear to more than mention that abomination of filth and loathsomeness of the ancients—carnal knowledge with beasts.

Mothers Warned

Mothers in Israel, do not, for the sake of your daughters, nor for the sake of your sons, take it for granted that they are uninfluenced, untouched by all this, for if you do, some mother will someday have a rude awakening from her complacency, and that someone might be you. Never forget that Satan stands at the very elbow of each of your sons and daughters, he awaits outside the threshold of every home, every minute of the day, watching for, seeking for the slightest weakness in the armor of righteousness with which you have clad your loved ones, with which you have surrounded your home; so that against that weakness he may bring to bear every vile, every stratagem, every base feeling and appeal—and he has every evil at his command—to the end that he may destroy your loved ones. I have said all this before.

Mothers in Israel, in that home which it is in your power and which it is your duty to build, that home of bodily well-being, that home of love, and prayer and precept and example, of harmony, of seemliness and respect, and education and culture, bring into that home such an understanding and reverence for chastity as shall preserve your children—your own flesh and blood—from the second greatest of all sins, unchastity.

I will read you the words of the great prophet, Alma—his words, not mine—when he was speaking to his son Corianton, who had deserted his missionary field and gone astray. Alma said:

> And this is not all, my son. Thou didst do that which was grievous unto me; for thou didst forsake the ministry, and did go over into the land of Siron, among the borders of the Lamanites, after the harlot Isabel.
>
> Yea, she did steal away the hearts of many; but this was no excuse for thee, my son. Thou shouldst have tended to the ministry wherewith thou wast entrusted.
>
> Know ye not, my son, that these things are an abomination in the sight of the Lord; yea, most abominable above all sins save it be the shedding of innocent blood or denying the Holy Ghost? (Alma 39:3-5).

So spoke the prophet Alma.

You mothers in Israel, it is your divinely given opportunity and responsibility carefully to teach your daughters and your sons the enormity of the sin of unchastity. There are cases, too many in the aggregate—one such case is too many—that come to the attention of your presiding sisters here, of young girls, brought to the depths of disgrace and despair, because, uninstructed by their mothers, they suffered themselves to be led into transgression, and are to give birth to babes begotten out of wedlock. However long these poor, wayward ones live, they never quite outlive the stigma. Their friends, the members of the ward, their parents, of course, and the Lord, if they repent, will forgive, but mem-

ory lasts and scars the happiness of all the years that follow.

Teach the Truth

Mothers in Israel, let no lack of teaching on your part lead to such a tragedy. Teach your daughters and equally your sons, the truth about this transgression. In our Church there is no double standard. Instil in them from earliest childhood a reverence for the unpolluted body, bring them to know the divine purpose of sex—the urge to provide bodies for the spirits yet to be tabernacled. See that they understand the glory of the chaste body and of the child born without taint. Do not fail in this, that you may stand before God in the day of judgment, unafraid, unabashed, free of blame.

I would not be misunderstood. To the young girl or young man who transgresses there is full opportunity to rise from the despair that comes after the transgression. The Lord has said to the rest of us:

> I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men (D. & C. 64:10).

This we must do—forgive and hold nothing against the transgressor, and then forget, too—if we can. To the repentant transgressor the Lord has promised his forgiveness also, and has declared:

> By this ye may know if a man repenteth of his sins—behold, he will confess them and forsake them (D. & C. 58:43).

To such repentant sinners the Lord extends his boundless, infinite mercy and love, and in his judgment thereafter, he will, I am sure, impose the least of penalty that justice requires.

All you repentant transgressors come, partake of God's all-wise divine justice and of his boundless, infinite mercy and love. To transgressors, yet unrepentant, the Lord calls:

> Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (Matt. 11:28-30).

I quote again from Alma, this time his counsel to his son Helaman:

> And now, O my son Helaman, behold, thou art in thy youth, and therefore, I beseech of thee that thou wilt hear my words and learn of me; for I do know that whosoever shall put their trust in God shall be supported in their trials, and their troubles, and their afflictions, and shall be lifted up at the last day (Alma 36:3).

God bless you mothers in Israel, and give you wisdom and understanding, patience and charity, and courage also, that you may not falter. May he bestow upon you that rare and priceless gift of discernment, that you may mark the betrayer long before he strikes and so frustrate him; that you may sense, even before your loved one is aware, that Satan is slyly whispering waywardness into the innocent ear so that you may drown that whispering with the voice of counsel dictated by love and wisdom.

God be with each and every one of you always, that you may meet to the full your divine calling of motherhood in Israel, I pray, in Jesus' name, Amen.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference

October 1 and 2, 1952

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

THE increased number of stakes, with the consequent increased number of stake officers, made it advisable to hold conference meetings, except five departmental sessions, in the Tabernacle. There were 1557 representatives present from the stakes and 38 from the missions. (Mission presidents were not in attendance at the conference.) All stakes except New York and Willamette were represented. The general session filled the building, with many persons standing.

The Officers Meeting on Wednesday morning was addressed by President Spafford, who gave Official Instructions, and by Elder Spencer W. Kimball and Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve. The Singing Mothers of Hillside Stake, Jane Schultze, director, and Julia Smoot, accompanist, furnished three inspiring numbers.

At the Wednesday afternoon meeting from 1:30 to 2:30 p. m., Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve gave an address, followed by a brass instrumental selection, "Nephite Lamentation" played by Sheldon Hyde, Keith Smith, Glen Dalby, Darro Glissmeyer, and Frank Carlyle, under the direction of Elder George H. Durham. This was a very impressive prelude to the presentation of the theology department work on The Book of Mormon.

Following this meeting five separate departmental sessions were held from 2:45 to 3:45 p.m.: work meeting; secretary-treasurers; *Relief Society Magazine;* music; and audio-visual aid guidance—a new department this year.

Wednesday evening the annual reception for stake and mission officers and board members was held in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah. Music for this occasion was furnished by Florence Allen, Maacah Taufer, and Lota P. Lamoreaux.

Thursday morning the discussion of the educational program was continued—visiting teaching, literature, and social science being presented. The "Harmony Strings," composed of Afton Solomon, Maacah Taufer, Afton Woffinden and Rilla Rieger, accompanist, rendered a beautiful number "Beside Still Waters."

The general meeting Thursday afternoon included addresses by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen. Sister Emma Ray McKay, wife of President David O. McKay, gave an interesting account of their recent visit to the European missions. This was followed by a short report of the

Finnish Mission Relief Society by President Mae P. Matis who was in the United States on a brief visit. Music was furnished by a Singing Mothers chorus of almost six hundred voices, representing thirty-two stakes in Salt Lake, Davis, Weber, and Sevier counties. (This chorus also sang at the Friday sessions of the semi-annual conference of the Church.) Florence J. Madsen directed the chorus of Singing Mothers as well as the congregational singing of the conference. Elder Frank W. Asper served as organist.

A welcome surprise at the general meeting of the conference was the announcement by President Belle S. Spafford that the First Presidency had granted a site for the Relief Society Building—the northwest corner of the block east of Temple Square, in front of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building.

The Official Instructions given by President Spafford and the talks by the general presidency were published in the November issue of the *Magazine*. The talks of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Elder Harold B. Lee, and Sister Emma Ray McKay are presented in this issue; and the talks by Elders Spencer W. Kimball, Matthew Cowley, and W. Cleon Skousen will be published in subsequent issues.

* * * *

Christmas Preparations

Ruth H. Chadwick

We wreath our homes in tinsel
And a blaze of colored light;
Then shop until exhausted
For gifts that look just right.

As days grow few and shorter,
We rush and slave away
To flaunt our costly trimmings
To all who pass our way.

But our numbed, neglected spirits
Pretend they do not know
They, too, should be all polished
And hung with mistletoe.

For when it's Christmas morning,
And all the Yule bells ring,
Will souls, veneered and calloused,
Have the will to sing?

Encompassed in the Rays

Dorothy J. Roberts

Through cities' maze, past sleeping host,
They threaded tangled ways:
The wise in lore were never lost,
Encompassed in the rays.
Upward, outward, ringed in light,
They brought life-burnished gold
And broke the fast of darkened sight
In holiness's fold.
Bring then the myrrh of sacrifice;
Let cameled faith go far
Till that discernment of the eyes
Shall recognize the star.

Fast Offerings and the Welfare Plan

Elder Harold B. Lee
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1952]

AFTER that superb prayer offered by Sister Lyman at the beginning of this meeting, I am sorely tempted to change all that I had planned to say and follow along one line of the thinking of that prayer, but I shall curb that and satisfy what I want to say by reading to you merely two or three verses from the inspired instructions of King Mosiah on the subject of voting. Sister Lyman has appealed to you as the leaders of the Relief Society organization to stimulate the people of the Church to vote and to become active in the politics of this country. This is what King Mosiah said:

> Therefore, choose you by the voice of this people, judges, that ye may be judged according to the laws which have been given you by our fathers, which are correct, and which were given them by the hand of the Lord.
>
> Now it is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right; but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right; therefore this shall ye observe and make it your law—to do your business by the voice of the people.
>
> And if the time comes that the voice of the people doth choose iniquity, then is the time that the judgments of God will come upon you; yea, then is the time he will visit you with great destruction even as he has hitherto visited this land (Mosiah 29:25-27).

Let it never be said of the Latter-day Saints that they did not allow their business to be done by the voice, the majority voice of this people. Make certain, so far as lies within your power, that the great majority of our people express themselves at the polls at each election, and the one which is forthcoming is no exception. I urge you to hear the prayer of Sister Lyman and see that it is answered in the good works of your organization.

I have been asked by your presidency to say something about the law of fasting and the payment of fast offerings as it relates to the Welfare program and also speak on certain other related matters. Back in 1935 I was given an assignment by the First Presidency, which was to become the beginning of my service in what has recently, and since that time, been known as the Church Welfare Plan.

A Church-wide survey had been made the September previous to 1935, in which a report had been asked as to the number of Church members who were receiving aid from the Church or from public agencies, and the amount in dollar per capita costs to be computed. The results of this Churchwide survey were put into my hands by the Presidency early in 1935, and I was asked to compile them and to bring

back to the First Presidency certain deductions as a result of that study.

I made the study as best I could with help of others of the brethren who were called into the service, and found that if all of the Church members would pay at least $1 per capita fast offerings, that there would be, then, a total amount in the hands of bishops to duplicate what had been done for that previous period survey in caring for the needy, both by the Church and by public agencies.

When that report was read (that is where this grievous $1 per capita came into the picture), some people assumed that if they paid $1 per capita that they had paid a full fast offering, which was never intended to be the fact or the instruction, but it was merely a way of figuring what might be possible if everybody paid at least $1 per capita.

WHEN I made my report to the First Presidency, pressing the fact of the $1 amount that would come from the proper observance of fasting and the payment of fast offerings, President Grant brought me, I thought, upstanding by a remark, in which he said, "Now, I am not primarily concerned with the amount of money that comes from paying fast offerings; but I am primarily concerned with the blessings that will come to this Church if our people observe the law of the fast."

With that remark ringing in my ears, I went back to make a careful study of what fasting would mean, financially or temporally, and spiritually to this people. I asked myself the question, "What is the law of fasting?" and I found President Joseph F. Smith defining it in these words in which I thought was given a rather excellent interpretation:

> It is, therefore, incumbent upon every Latter-day Saint to give to his bishop, on fast day, the food that he or his family would consume for the day, that it may be given to the poor for their benefit and blessing; or, in lieu of the food, that its equivalent amount, or, if the person is wealthy, a liberal donation, in money, be so reserved and dedicated to the poor.

And then I asked myself, "What are the blessings the Lord promises us from fasting and paying fast offerings?" President Grant in an expression which is on record, gave me these answers: first, the financial blessing and next, the spiritual. This is what he said, regarding the financial blessings:

> Let me promise you here today that if the Latter-day Saints will honestly and conscientiously from this day forth, as a people, keep the monthly fast and pay into the hands of their bishops the actual amount that they would have spent for food for the two meals from which they have refrained . . . . we would have all of the money necessary to take care of all the idle, and all the poor.

Of the spiritual blessings he said this:

> Every living soul among the Latter-day Saints that fasts two meals once a month will be benefited spiritually and be built up in the faith of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—benefited spiritually in a wonderful way.

As I read that statement, I recalled what the Prophet Isaiah had declared as to the blessings that

would come to him who would fast and deal out his bread to the hungry, as written into Isaiah, the 58th chapter, beginning at the 8th to the 11th verses. Here were four magnificent, spiritual promises that the Lord made to those who would fast and deal out their bread to the hungry, as written in Isaiah, the first promise:

> Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.

Then the Lord promised:

> Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.

And again the Lord promised:

> And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday.

And, finally, this promise:

> And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

THOSE blessings translated into the incidents and the problems of life, are fairly well illustrated in an incident that was related by one of our mission presidents to the General Authorities a few years ago. While we were living through those days of suspense during wartime, this father related this incident:

It was fast day. He had risen early in the morning, the chores were done out on the farm, and he was now spending a few minutes, out in his fields before time to go to the early morning Priesthood meeting.

He said, "I had never been very strict about urging my family to fast, we had just sort of said, 'Now you children, if you want anything to eat, you will have to help yourselves, Mother is not going to cook any breakfast,' and most of them did, and so there wasn't very much fasting in the home as a general practice."

This morning as he walked out in the fields, his mind was not particularly on his two sons who were over on the fighting front, but, suddenly, he was stopped as he walked through the fields, by a terrible impression which came upon him, that something was wrong with one of those sons. He turned to go back into the house. He said, "I didn't just walk, but I ran, and I called my family down into the front room, and said to them, 'Now, I don't want any of my family to eat a bite of food today, I want you to fast, and I want you to pray, and I want you to kneel down here with me and have family prayer, because I had an impression out there that something is wrong with our boy over in the war.'"

And so they gathered around and had their morning prayer. They fasted, and they did not stop their fast, but they continued to fast after that day. Ten days of anxiety went by, then there came, through the Red Cross, the word that on that morning (and when they corrected the difference in time, it was the exact moment when that father had that impression), his

boy with his buddy had fallen on a "booby-trap" and his buddy had been literally blown to pieces, and this boy had been horribly mangled and had lain at the point of death.

Fasting and prayer—"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here am I."

It seemed to me as I heard him say that, I was hearing again the words of the apostle Paul who, on the way to judgment before the Emperor of Rome, records the incident where they were in danger of shipwreck. You remember the story. This is what the Apostle Paul testifies: "But after long abstinence [or fasting] Paul stood forth in the midst of them and said . . . . For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, Saying, Fear not, Paul . . . Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me (Acts 27:21 ff.).

No mother who really understands the law of fasting would knowingly want her family deprived of the blessings which come from its observance. It then becomes the responsibility of this organization, the Relief Society teachers, to teach every mother in her home this law of fasting and the paying of fast offerings, for the keeping of which so much is promised in the way of spiritual as well as temporal blessings.

WITH that much stress laid upon the payment of fast offerings you might well ask, "Then, if these promises are true regarding the payment of fast offerings for the care of the needy, then why do we need the Welfare production, beyond the payment of fast offerings?" President Joseph F. Smith said, you recall his words as I have read them, something to the effect that those who are able are expected to give more than the value of the two meals from which they fast.

By the Welfare program, there is provided the opportunity for some to work on Welfare projects, and those who wish, to give Welfare contributions beyond the value of the two meals abstained from on the first Sunday of the month.

And then remember, President Grant said that fast offerings will provide sufficient money, but he did not say sufficient commodities, and so our interpretation today, as the inspired direction of the Presidency has taught us, is that fast offerings, fully invoked and paid and commodities fully produced from the Welfare budget annually, will give to us both money and commodities sufficient to take care of all the needy of the Church.

We have passed through a period during wartime when we saw a time when money would not buy food because it was not available. We have had some experience with the Government rationing program, and we have learned that if we had our pockets full of money, if we did not have the rationing stamps to give us the permission to buy, we would be helpless. The rationing program did not apply to the commodities that were provided by ourselves and for our own people, and we learned again the inspired wisdom of our leaders who taught

us how to meet an emergency in this modern day.

You recall President George Albert Smith reporting to this conference, that after the war had ended and there was such an appeal from our people overseas for aid, that he went back to Washington and there sought the aid of the President of the United States for ships in which to send commodities, clothing, and food over to our people in Europe. The President said to him, "Well, where will you get the food? Those are critical items. They are short items."

President Smith said, "If you will provide the boats, we have the commodities already provided and in storehouses, as a result of the combined efforts of all our people." Then there commenced the sending of many carloads of foodstuffs which were distributed to our people. How many times have we heard testimonies borne that those commodities thus provided to meet an emergency in a serious situation, were the means of keeping many of our Latter-day Saint people overseas, and others outside of the Church, alive, except for which they would not have survived that critical period.

Production in the Welfare program provides work opportunity for the able-bodied who are in need, to help produce that which they do need. It provides the opportunity for volunteers to help to produce for the rainy day.

WE are under instructions from the First Presidency of the Church to say to you sisters, and to our brethren who preside in the stakes, and wards, and missions of the Church, that no effort is to be spared to get every soul who is able-bodied to help to produce that which he himself needs, and to see to it that he is not forced to receive the aid he needs in idleness, if he is able-bodied.

This is a necessary step for the preservation of the self-respect of the receiver. It gives opportunity for the maximum help of those who are being aided to reduce the costs of the commodities thus provided, and it brings those in need in personal contact with other volunteer workers for the spiritual and moral uplift which comes from such teamwork. And we ask that you sisters see to it that every effort is made to see that the instructions of the First Presidency are carried out.

Now, then the relationship of fast offerings to the Welfare program is clearly in evidence. Fast offerings are to provide the money, primarily, and the Welfare production, through the Welfare budget each year, is to provide commodities.

What would you think of a family which had provided commodities which stocked their granaries and cellars and pantries, and then allowed them to spoil while they went out with money, hard-earned money from the salary income, to buy the very commodities which were spoiling in their basements and cellars? It should be a very improvident family which would be thus foolish, and yet that is exactly what we do when we stock our storehouses with commodities and then allow them to deteriorate

while we use fast offerings to go buy the very things which have been produced in the budget.

Similarly you are doing just exactly that thing when you requisition by a bishop's order on a storehouse, a commercial item that could just as well have been supplied as a Welfare-produced commodity. Now you sisters have in your hands the guiding of that distribution, and in an orderly way to see to it that all we produce in the Welfare program is distributed before we attempt to use money to buy a commercial item that could well have been supplied from Welfare-produced items.

Now, in meeting emergencies in the Welfare program, we should not do any other than we would do with an individual case, except that we deal with the problems en masse. Sometimes in our zeal and in our over-anxiety to take care of the unfortunate, we rush to do things that are hurtful to our Welfare unity. We expect the individual to do all he can to help himself, whether it be an emergency for a single family or for a whole community, that the relatives will do all they can to help, then the Church steps in with commodities from the storehouse, with fast offerings to meet their needs that commodities from the storehouse will not supply, and finally, the Relief Society and the Priesthood quorums will assist with rehabilitation.

Sometimes in our zeal we have gone out and had extra drives, benefit dances, performances, and socials, and etc., all unneeded and unnecessary if we had merely followed the Welfare program as it has already been set up. We ask you to see to it that all such unneeded activities are curbed in the interest of the harmony that the proper following of Welfare principles would have supplied.

Something has been said here about making special drives for clothing and so on to be sent to minority group missions, such as Brother Kimball has been talking about. We are sure that we could avoid a lot of waste and a lot of lost motion if you, who desire to make contributions for the benefit of our Indian missions or our Spanish-speaking people, or others, if you would see to it that they are made through the channels of the Welfare program with the understanding that any mission desiring aid of whatever kind, all they have to do is make their appeal through proper channels, and from storehouses well-stocked and most convenient to that particular mission, will be supplied their need to the extent of the need.

If we understand these things, these few principles, we believe that greater harmony will result.

The Lord bless you, my lovely sisters, increase in you the faith and testimony which have carried you on thus far to a glorious achievement.

I bear you my humble testimony, as President McKay is on record as having said, that this Welfare program has not come up as a mushroom overnight, it has come by inspiration, and that inspiration has come from the Lord. I bear that testimony in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Activities of Latter-Day Saint Women in Europe

Emma Ray McKay

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

WHEN in Copenhagen several years ago, we visited the Thorwaldsen Art Gallery. One of the most interesting pieces of sculpture there, is that of a shepherdess holding a crowded nest of little cupids, little loves. Three of these are sleeping, showing unawakened love. Two are kissing in innocent baby fashion, representing the mating season. One is flying away, little fickle love, and one is patting a dog's head, portraying faithful love.

But the greatest love of all, the love that passeth understanding, the love that Jesus came here to teach, the love that the Relief Society sisters show toward the needy, the ailing, the down-hearted, was not represented.

There are many women who believe with King Benjamin that he who is in the service of his fellow men is in the service of his God. Not only our beautiful sisters here in America, but our kind, loving, devoted women in Europe who believe that "If everyone helped someone always, the lesson of happiness would need no learning."

From my observations in London, I have concluded that the Relief Societies are trying to carry on the work in Europe just as efficiently as it is done here. We women attended a Relief Society meeting in the morning while the men were in Priesthood meeting. I was surprised to see such a large crowd of Relief Society representatives of various branches who made good reports of their societies. I was amazed at the information and intelligence shown in the two papers read, one on "Temple Marriages," and the other on "Family Life." Both were excellent, worthy of good university students. Singing Mothers were dressed in white blouses and black skirts, and each wore a corsage. They sang beautifully. I wondered whether I was in Europe or home in America.

Meeting in Glasgow

A women's meeting was held in Glasgow in which a sister gave a very interesting talk on "Incidents of Latter-day Saints Crossing the Plains."

We had no opportunity of attending Relief Society in Glasgow and Edinburgh, but we saw the two new meetinghouses made out of fine old dwelling places. We saw the exquisite French paintings brought to life by the washing of the walls, the huge mirrors sparkling in the recreation room, new paint on woodwork, and new paper on walls, much of which was done by the women. Also, we heard of numerous meals prepared and sold by them to help pay for these commodious places of worship.

An interesting testimony meeting was attended in Glasgow. The women testified that they were better in every respect after having lived the gospel than before. They said they entertained more ennobling thoughts and therefore lived nobler lives. They said it was easier to control their tempers, and consequently more gentle words and more happy smiles were in the household. They said they had saved money and had cleaner and healthier bodies by leaving off smoking, and that they tried harder to make their marriages a success by being kinder and more understanding.

Foreign-Speaking Missions

In the foreign-speaking countries only one special Relief Society meeting was held, I suppose because of our not being able to understand the language. This was in Sweden. We also attended a Mutual entertainment in Stockholm, the action of which was understood, but not the words. One little skit had its setting on a streetcar. This car was represented by a long row of chairs occupied by the actors. A large wheel was attached to the leading chair for the motorman, and the noise of the motor was made by a sweeper. This was cleverly done and brought forth much laughter.

Swiss Gleaner Girls

In Switzerland the Gleaner Girls serenaded the President at nine o'clock in the morning. Some of the women, having risen very early, had gone to the high mountains and had gathered the edelweiss and other flowers difficult to find and presented the President with a large bouquet. This we can keep because most of these flowers are still beautiful when dry. The Relief Society presented him with a lovely handmade tablecloth embroidered in the various shades of browns, the colors of Switzerland.

In all the countries of Europe, our dear sisters, wives of mission presidents, Relief Society workers, Mutual and Sunday School workers, and children loaded us down with flowers, and they seemed so happy in bestowing these beautiful blessings upon us all.

In Berlin

In Berlin, some of our women had taught three little girls to give a short welcoming speech in English while presenting flowers. Each one finished with the words, "I love you." In Basel, some little girls had been taught a song in English, with the words directed to the President, "We'll Be a Sunbeam for You."

We were pleased to observe in the mission homes that the Relief Society and Mutual women helped prepare the delicious dinners for the President of the Church and his party, and seemed so thrilled when we all went into the kitchen, shook hands with them and congratulated them on the tasty viands prepared. We couldn't talk Dutch, nor Danish, nor Finnish, nor Swedish, nor German, nor Norwegian, nor French, but we had our words interpreted to them and theirs to us. Presents which we shall treasure always were given to us in these various countries by missionaries and saints.

Many women of the Church met us at the airports, with missionaries

singing the well-known songs of Zion.

Girl Scouts in Finland

Some of the women of Finland, as Girl Scouts, entertained us on John's Day, the midsummer holiday, in one of the impressive pine and birch tree groves in the country. It was glorious! One young woman with a voice full of emotion gave a welcoming speech in English to the President.

The women of the Church, as also the men, were thrilled to meet the President of the Church. In every place they welcomed him by singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." I wish you could have seen the expressions on their faces as they looked at him. Many had tears in their eyes, and they gazed at him tenderly, as women look at their babies. Some kissed his hands. Some reached out their arms to grab his hand with a determination that nothing could stop—even when told at two of the meetings that he would not have time for handshaking. Some touched his coat gingerly as though touching something sacred. Some held on to his arm a second or two, and one woman in Frankfurt grasped his left hand as he was leaving the pulpit and held it all the way while he was struggling through the crowd to get down the hall to the car. It was only when he stepped into the car that she released it.

Usually when we shook hands with the saints in most of the countries, I was on the President's right. The people shook hands with me first, then with the President. Lawrence and Mildred, on the President's left, wondered why some people with closed fists offered left hands to them. We learned afterwards that the hand that shook the President's was considered sacred and would not be touched by any other or even washed for some time.

Story of Faith

One Latter-day Saint woman who had been ousted from her home behind the Iron Curtain and had lived on streets and in bombed buildings with two children, became sick and finally paralyzed. When we were in Germany, she was bedfast. She sent her two children to church to shake hands with the President and gave them strict orders to come back to her that she might touch the little hands that the President had touched. She knew that she would be made well. What faith she has! I sincerely hope that she will be the recipient of our Heavenly Father's choicest blessings.

Devotion of an English Girl

Faith and a desire to serve by the young girls of the Church may be illustrated by the actions of an English girl. She was a trapeze performer for Ringling Brothers Circus. She was naturally religious but belonged to no church, having found none that suited her ideas. One Sunday morning, as was her custom, she took a bus, deciding to go into a church passed by this bus. It happened to be The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After being there awhile she said to herself: "This is the Church for me, the one I have been looking for." She left the position that paid

well to work in the mills. I said to her, "Why did you do that?" Her reply was, "I couldn't serve the Church working for the circus because I would be away all the time." She is an intelligent girl, with a knowledge of four languages. She loved the circus, but gave it up that she might do her part in making her branch of the Church a success. That, I call devotion.

Mission Homes

The mission presidents' wives have a great responsibility, especially those who have to furnish new mission homes. The West German mission home has been made from a bombed out building. To furnish it suitably for home, missionaries, visitors, and missionary supplies has taken much keen planning on the part of Sister Cannon. In France, Sister Woolf is in the midst of these troubles. Before the war, the house belonged to a very wealthy man. During the occupation, the Nazis stole his money and his best paintings and made off with him somewhere. The stained glass windows, some of the beautiful furniture, large mirrors, and marble baths are there, but when a home like this must be changed into a church, it takes a great deal of thought on the part of both the mission president and his wife. All of our presidents' wives are lovely, capable women, doing a great work being mothers to missionaries, in charge of Relief Societies, and having the responsibility of caring for a large mission home.

Missionaries

I'd like to say a word about your sons in the mission fields, mothers. You should be proud of them. I am. To see how they are developing as leaders, to note the good taste shown in the choice of music, readings, and other means of entertainment in the five concerts given to us. To observe their ability to perform on violin, piano, flute, and voice, to watch their kindness to the saints. The thoughtfulness shown by missionaries to the people was best noted in the crowded meetings. They would always arise and stand, giving up their seats to others. In Berlin this might have caused great disappointment for them, but for an interesting incident.

A large picture show house was rented for the meeting, but it was not large enough. There were nearly three thousand people present. The captain of eight policemen said: "This will never do. We cannot have the aisles and sides of the room crowded this way. It is a fire hazard." So the missionaries and some other saints had to go outside. One of the missionaries said to the captain, "The President of our Church is here, and it would be a great disappointment to these people not to hear his address. None of them smoke. Perhaps the fire hazard would not be so great." The policeman looked around. "You say none of these people smoke? They are a very well-behaved crowd. All right, let them all go back." And in walked the missionaries and others, including the eight policemen, all of whom stood up in the rear and listened to the service.

A Norwegian reporter while waiting in the hall to speak to President McKay, was struck forcibly by

the singing of the missionaries. He said in a two-column article about the President and the Mormons:

> There is something which the Mormons have which we have never heard at any conference or meeting at any place in Norway. A key is sounded on the piano, and then a little choir, we guess it to be an octette, sings a psalm. Their voices are unbelievably harmonious; deep, soft, and heartfelt, and the harmony of the psalm is new, original, captivating to the ears which have become tired of the rusty unison songs of the state churches. We breathe a breath of disappointment when the song is over and have a wish in our minds that the broadcasting department had been on the spot with a wire recorder. The presentation was outstanding.
>
> And so we leave the Mormons for this time, and it enters into our minds that people are peculiar and that the souls of men wander so differently and that there are so many who have taken out a patent on the truth. But out of all the sects with whom we have been in occasional contact, the Mormon people seem to be one of the better.
>
> Their singing was so utterly and unbelievably beautiful.

A good opportunity was given me to study some of the women outside the Church in Europe. Courtesy, politeness, and kindness were particularly impressive.

In England

The first day we reached London we went to the Mall to see the Trouping of the Colors. The missionaries had kindly saved a place for us, but even so we had to stand two hours to get a glimpse of the procession. I stood an hour, then had to sit down on the curb, which was an undesirable place to see the parade, but an excellent opportunity to observe the crowd.

One of the women had brought a stool. If she had remained on it she might have seen something, but she was so very much concerned about others not being able to see, that she was off the stool most of the time that others might get a glimpse. Another woman with a stick contraption against a tree was doing the same thing. Some women had brought mirrors attached to sticks. If they held the sticks high enough they could see the parade reflected through the mirrors. Those who had them were insisting so much upon others borrowing them, that I fear they saw little of the affair themselves. A good-natured, kind, gentle, generous crowd illustrating the fact that "Life's finest blessing is the ability to find joy in doing something for somebody else." A commendable virtue manifested by leading officials whom it was our privilege to meet.

Visit With the Queens of Holland and England

No one could have been more considerate or more courteous than Queen Juliana of Holland was to us. And when we arose to go, saying that we did not want to intrude too long upon her time, she said, "Oh, going so soon? Why I have all the afternoon free."

And the Queen of England! She noticed that many of her guests were unable to see her because of the numerous visitors from her various possessions. So, forgetting her weariness from handshaking, she and her family walked down a large area in plain view. Evidently thinking of the many who loved her, but

who failed to see her because of the crowd, she went out of her way to be gracious.

The trip was very wonderful even though strenuous. I hope it has done a great deal of good. I feel that the people, after hearing encouraging talks from their President, will make renewed efforts to work in the service of their Lord. The President's hearty handclasp will help, too. Sometimes words are not needed so much as the clasp of the hand, for:

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts.
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the aching heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul alway.

* * * *

Journey to the Holy Land

Martha Whiting Brown

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
My childhood dream come true!
I see the old Jerusalem
While traversing the new.

Last night I saw King David's tomb,
The casket where he lay—
I wonder if the king can see
Jews gathering today?

I'm wondering if Hannah wept
As up the path she trod,
To leave her babe in Eli's care
To hear the voice of God?

Today they showed me Bethlehem—
It seemed so short a way,
Back to the shepherds and the star,
The manger, and the hay.

I'm standing now upon the hill,
Where Jesus was betrayed
And I can see Gethsemane,
And hear the prayer he prayed.

O Father, cans't thou make them one?
He prayed so long ago—
How blessed are they who, seeing not,
Believe. But now I know.

The Star

Gene Romolo

The star that lit the way to Bethlehem,
On that momentous night so long ago,
Remains undimmed in sentient minds of them
Who seek for wisdom zealously to know
The will divine athwart life's every hour.
Its glory shines on them effulgently—
The star, symbolic of ethereal power,
That leads to Christ and immortality.

Stars for Molly's Tree

Olive W. Burt

GAY, absorbed in thoughts of her Christmas plans, was only half aware of the people crowded into the swaying bus, until two small hands, blindly seeking anchorage, clutched at the soft fur of her coat. Instinctively, Gay reached down to remove the hands, and then she paused as her eyes encountered two wide, serious brown eyes looking up at her. The child, however, sensing Gay's purpose, let go of the coat and grabbed at two gray tweed legs that pressed close against her in the crowded bus.

Gay came out of her reverie then and her eyes moved up, past the little girl's head, to a lean brown face above broad shoulders that swayed precariously, as one arm reached upward to the strap and the other encircled a heavy, sleeping little boy.

Gay had to smile, and just then the brown eyes in the lean face looked down at her.

Gay forgot her threatened coat and her Christmas plans, as an instinct she didn't know she possessed spoke, "Let me hold him for you."

The tall man smiled—a wide, friendly smile, but Gay thought the corners of his mouth looked tired, and there was sadness in the dark eyes.

"You are very kind," he said simply, and placed the little boy in her lap. Then his freed hand took hold of the little girl's, and he said gaily, "Now we're okay, Molly!"

The little fellow snuggled against the softness of Gay's coat, and one fat hand buried itself in the expensive fur. Gay paid no attention to the clutching fingers, her arms held him tenderly. It was amazing, she thought suddenly, how a child fits into one's arms.

The tall stranger leaned down. "I took them to see Santa Claus," he explained, "and I guess they got pretty tired. But," a grim note came into the pleasant voice, "I wanted them to have everything that goes with Christmas this year!"

Gay nodded. She understood that—with the threats to call fathers into service, it might be his last Christmas with them. The thought sent a shiver up Gay's spine. But it was rather wonderful to look ahead and plan in the face of such uncertainty.

Gay glanced down at Molly. Two brown pigtails stood out from under the little pointed bonnet. Her cheeks were clear and rosy. They must have a wonderful mother, too, to keep them so pink and healthy. But where was she now? Probably home getting their dinner. They would be the kind to co-operate like that.

"I couldn't find any stars," Molly said seriously. "I looked and looked."

"That's too bad," Gay answered, but she smiled brightly at the little girl. "You can make your own stars, you know—prettier than those in the stores."

"Can you?" asked Molly. "Then Daddy will help me make some."

As the bus neared the stop two

blocks from Gay's own, the father leaned down toward her.

"I'll take him now," he said. "I get off here. And thank you very much."

"Thank you very much," Molly echoed surprisingly, and Gay's eyes met the father's in a quick smile of amusement.

He gently lifted the sleeping baby, and, holding Molly's hand, made his way toward the door. Through the window Gay saw them walking down the street, snowflakes falling lightly around them.

"Well!" she thought enviously, "that's the kind of father to have."

SHE remembered back to her own childhood Christmases and the way her brothers and sisters and she had gone down town to see Santa Claus. She couldn't remember her mother or father ever going with them. They'd been rather large before they even knew of the treat that waited in every store—a Santa Claus with lollipops or a picture book or a little toy for every visitor. They'd make the rounds together after that, going home loaded down with cheap trinkets—the best part of their Christmas over. For her parents had been matter-of-fact people, not given to romancing of any sort.

"There's too much work to be done," her mother often said sternly, "and not enough money for foolishness!"

Tears stung Gay's eyelids at the memory. She blinked them away impatiently. She must be awfully tired to start getting sentimental just because she had held a sleeping child for a few moments.

Sentiment had no place in her life—then, or now, or ever. She had made up her mind long ago to keep away from emotional entanglements of any sort. She knew what she wanted—a carefree life, with plenty of lovely clothes and sparkling, adult companionship. She had worked hard to get to a place in the business world where she could afford the things she admired. She had hoped to make the right friends, and now, this very Christmas, her plans were working out. Her employer's wife, the elegant Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, had noticed her. She had invited Gay to her Christmas Eve party. After this, anything could happen.

As Gay left the bus, the Christmas lights were coming on in the houses along her street—gay, glittering lights that revealed holiday preparations in every home—except her own. Her apartment was dark and empty. Money spent on Christmas glitter could be put to better use. She hung up her coat, stroking the lovely fur. It had taken her a long time to pay for it, but it was worth the sacrifice to know that she looked the part she hoped to play. And some day there would be diamonds—even if she had to buy them for herself. Gay smiled wryly. Let Molly worry about Christmas stars, she'd spend her effort on diamonds every time. The sparkle lasted longer.

Gay found herself thinking about Molly and her tall father off and on all the next day, and as she rode home in the bus she felt an irresistible impulse to get off at the corner and walk down the street to see what kind of home they had.

She probably would not recognize it, she thought with amused scorn at the idea, but she did leave the bus and walked along the sidewalk in the direction Molly and her father had taken.

THE street was a very ordinary one, with snow-covered yards, carefully swept walks, small houses beginning to twinkle with Christmas lights in the early dusk. Halfway down the block, Gay caught her breath sharply. There it was!

It was a tiny house, very commonplace, but lighted up like a birthday cake. Colored globes hung in the windows and were festooned across the porch. Right at the edge of the porch was a single green evergreen tree, rather scrubby, but brave with strings of popcorn and cranberries. A crooked star glittered at the top. And there, beside the tree, putting on the finishing touches, stood Molly and her father.

"Hello!" called Gay. "Looks like Christmas!"

The man looked up from his work and came striding toward Gay, Molly tagging close at his heels.

"Well, if it isn't the nice lady that helped us out yesterday on the bus," he said grinning. "Yep, it is Christmas, nearly."

"I made a star for myself like you said," bragged Molly, pointing. "We're trimming a tree for the birds, and maybe Santa Claus will leave something for me, too."

"It's a fine idea," agreed Gay. "The birds will love the popcorn and cranberries."

"There's suet, too," beamed Molly, and trotted back to her work.

Molly's tall father leaned lazily on the gatepost.

"Do you live along here?" he asked. "I'm ashamed to say it, but I know scarcely any of my neighbors."

Gay shook her head. She felt a little foolish now.

"I live down two blocks," she explained, and added hastily, "I was just walking by." That was almost true, anyway.

There wasn't much more to say, so Gay moved on along the little street, turned the corner and hurried home.

She had a million little things to do to get ready for the big party at the Montgomery's—her hair to be done, a manicure, some special little items to buy. But she couldn't concentrate on them. When she left the office early on Christmas Eve in order to take care of these personal things, her feet led her away from the beauty shop and cosmetic counter, straight to the most fabulous toy store in town.

She frowned as she entered. She had no business fooling around here. It was crowded and noisy, but Gay found herself looking at the eager children with new eyes—eyes that saw Molly and her small brother in every snow-suited youngster that pushed against her skirts.

At the doll counter she studied the display carefully until she found exactly what she wanted, a doll with a freckled face and two brown pigtails, as different from the rest of the dolls as Molly was different from other little girls. And then she hunted for the right Teddy-bear, small, and soft, and cuddly.

By the time she had finished, it was too late to keep her appointment at the beauty shop. Gay

shrugged resignedly. Her hair would have to do—even for the Montgomery's affair.

SHE hurried home and wrapped the gifts carefully in bright oilcloth. It had begun to snow, and she didn't want them to be damaged during the long, wet night. For she was going to slip over, as soon as it was dusk, and put the gifts under the birds' tree in Molly's yard. The children would find them on Christmas morning and be surprised. The nice mother and the tall father would be surprised, too. They would look at each other, each giving the other credit for a sweet Christmas gesture. And when they found out at last that neither was responsible, they'd have a mystery in the family, a mystery that would bind them closer as the years went on and each returning Christmas would set them wondering about the unexpected, unexplained gifts on their tree.

Gay glanced at the clock. Her new dress was laid out, glittering, on the bed. She'd have plenty of time to do her little errand and return before the Montgomery car called for her, as had been arranged.

She hurried through the light snow, her heart beating strangely.

"It's fun, really, to sub for Santa," she thought. "It makes me all shaky inside—shaky and twinkly, like that absurd star of Molly's." She giggled a little.

In front of the little house the tree glittered merrily through the falling snow. Beside it, the big window framed a Christmas-card picture. The tall father was sitting beside the blazing logs in the fireplace. He held Molly, sleeper-clad, on one knee, and the little boy on the other. He was evidently telling them a story. Across the fireplace a low rocker sat, empty.

The nice little mother, Gay thought, must have just left it. She'd probably gone into the kitchen to make hot lemonade. Gay could imagine her coming through the door, a tray in her hand, the children reaching up eagerly.

Gay hung her gifts, putting them back among the branches so that passersby wouldn't see them and be tempted to take them. Then she stepped closer to the big window and stared in. She had forgotten where she was, what she was doing. She was just a curious woman, eager to see another woman to see what she was like.

The father bent his cheek to Molly's hair, unbraided now and falling loose over her shoulders. He sat there very, very still for a minute. Then he gently put Molly down on the settee beside him, placed the sleepy baby by her, and went into the kitchen.

Gay's throat grew taut. He would be going to help bring in the lemonade and cookies. Gay, shielded from the sight of anyone by the tree branches, decided to wait till they came back. Then she would go.

"Come out of there!" a voice called quietly.

Gay started, turned, and looked up into a face that was grim in the light from the window. She moved from the shelter of the branches.

"You!" cried Molly's father unbelievingly. "What on earth?"

"I was playing Santa Claus," Gay

said in a small voice, and pointed to the bundles on the tree.

The man stood very still, looking at her.

GAY felt she should say something more.

"I saw you sitting there and you looked so—so—sweet," she ended apologetically. "I just wanted to see Molly's mother come out with the cookies and lemonade . . . ."

The mouth, which had started to smile, became grim again and his eyes were sad and dark. He spoke softly, "Molly's mother," he said, and his tone was a caress, "she won't be coming. She's gone . . . ." His voice caught.

"I'm sorry!" Gay put her hand on his arm. "Dreadfully sorry. I didn't know."

"Of course you didn't," he said gently. "She died a year and a half ago, soon after Danny was born. This will be our second Christmas without her, and now the children are older, I'm trying to make it almost as good as she would have done. I can't bear for them to miss a real home Christmas."

Suddenly he shook his head, as if to shake the memory from his eyes, and he smiled at Gay.

"But my Aunt Edith, who has been helping me with the children, is making lemonade in the kitchen," he said happily. "Won't you come in and have some?"

"How did you know I was out here?" asked Gay.

The laugh rippled down over Gay, warming her. "There's a mirror over the fireplace, if you'll notice. And a face against the windowpane . . . . I couldn't be sure whether it was real and maybe the answer to my dream."

Gay went in, a little embarrassed, but Molly jumped up and ran to her and the little boy opened a sleepy eye and smiled at her. She sat down and took him on her lap.

"Aunt Edith," Molly's father said to the little, gray-haired woman who came in carrying a tray, "This is . . . ."

"Gay Gregg," supplied Gay, quickly.

"This is my Aunt, Mrs. Norris, 'Auntie,' to all who love her," said Molly's father. "And I'm Pete Norris," he added, as if just remembering that Gay didn't know his name.

They drank the lemonade and ate the gingerbread cookies; hung the children's stockings with a great deal of excitement; and got the children into bed. Gay had to untangle little Danny's fingers from her hair as she put him into his crib. She straightened up, hating to leave him. So she stood there, looking at the rosy face on the pillow, seeing the damp, blond curls on his forehead.

When she turned to leave the room Pete was standing in the doorway.

"It's dreadfully late," she said, "I must hurry. I have an important engagement at nine."

Pete looked at his watch and grinned.

"You can still make it if you rush," he said. "Come on, I'll walk you home."

As they neared Gay's house, she saw the Montgomery car drawn up at the curb.

"They're waiting for me," she said. "I shouldn't have been late!"

PETE whistled. "Some chariot!" he said enviously.

Gay smiled ruefully. "It isn't mine, of course. But I hope, maybe, some day . . . ." She stopped suddenly. "Thanks, Pete, for bringing me home. I must skip."

"Thank you, little Santa Claus," Pete said softly, his big hands holding hers so she couldn't rush away as she knew she ought to do.

"Not Santa Claus," whispered Gay, feeling just a little bit sorry for herself, "just Cinderella."

Pete looked at her closely.

"Well, Cindy," he said, very, very gently, "when the coach turns into a pumpkin, call on old Pete. Tomorrow, on Christmas Day, he can offer kids, not coaches; stars, not diamonds." He turned and walked swiftly down the street.

Gay went slowly to the waiting chauffeur. "I'll be ready in a moment," she said apologetically.

She started toward the steps slowly, thinking of stars and the sweet, expectant faces of children, thinking of toys and Christmas trees —and forgetting the glitter of diamonds.

She would go to the party, as she had promised—but tomorrow—tomorrow she would go back to spend Christmas with Molly and Danny and Pete! She had found that she preferred stars to diamonds, after all—even if the stars were homemade.

* * * *

The Gift Without the Giver

Caroline Eyring Miner

IN "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Lowell states, "The gift without the giver is bare." How well we know this who have received a gift indifferently given!

I love this apron, for Mary made it herself, and it looks just like her—all pink and white, and neat as a pin. The gift and the giver in this case are one. A little sweater set made exactly to fit the wee person to whom it is given is made with love and care and takes on the love and personality of the giver.

How many times I have told my children, "I love your homemade valentines much better than those you buy. They are you. The others are like everyone else's. I like the little Christmas and birthday gifts you make, because they show care and thought."

In years gone by, we were forced to make our little gifts because money was scarcer, and because commercial gifts were not available. It was a blessing rather than otherwise. We had to plan for that box of candy we made and decorated for Father. The dish towels we made for Mother took weeks to embroider. We were rightly proud of those gifts when we presented them in grand style, for with them went our love and thoughts and a very part of us.

Once again we are making gifts—ceramics, textile painted articles, artificial flowers of various kinds, knitted and crocheted articles. It is a trend to be greatly encouraged, for gifts are valued which reveal part of us—our loving care, our thoughtfulness.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE PIONEERS: Christmas is coming! Happiness and luxury are in the words, happiness and comfort, for a brief season even for the poor. With these words comes a reflection upon the first Christmas ever held in this valley, and that by the Mormon Pioneers. . . . Christmas . . . in their wagons, tents and hastily constructed cabins, a merry, a thankful Christmas! For there were no enemies . . . all was hope and faith in the promises given them. . . . Not many of them saw with prophetic eyes the miracle to be wrought by prayers, faith and works . . . . O, ye Pioneers! What have ye brought to light? Where once your wagons camped in the arid dust and brush, a city's streets are paved; where once your camp fire burned, electric lights now glow, and your cabins have given place to palatial edifices of industry and commerce. Your camp-fire schools are changed to academies and colleges, your looms to factories. . . . To many of our pioneers but few more Christmases will come, they will have passed to where the Prince of that Day will greet his worshippers. Honor, happiness, comfort and rest be yours while yet you stay; and passing to the promised reward, may you fall sweetly asleep to a glorious awakening. —Augusta Joyce Crocheron

THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE WOMAN'S EXPONENT IN THE WELLS HOME: Eliza R. Snow, the President of the Relief Society, the largest organization of women this side of the Rocky Mountains, was a regular visitor here as long as she lived; and here in this very room most of the business pertaining to the conducting of the Society in all its several Stakes and branches, not only in Utah but throughout the world, has been deliberated upon and decided. Many thousands of letters pertaining to this charitable organization have been written here at this same desk, and from here sent abroad to nearly all parts of the civilized world. Zina D. H. Young who succeeded the former President, has made this place her headquarters in the same way . . . . the romance of this old place is greatly enhanced by the many poems and stories written here, and which perchance were better from the very glamor that lingers round the place . . . . —Emmeline B. Wells

PREPARATION

So much is said, so much is done,
To make old Christmas merry,
With pleasant jokes and guileless fun,
It should be joyous, very.
Bright hopes, and little cause to fear,
With blessings crown the closing year . . . .
Again, unto myself I'll speak;
To concentrate my labors,
I'll earnestly and kindly seek
To bless my poorer neighbors.
Religion undefiled and pure,
Means visit and relieve the poor.
—L. L. Greene Richards

CHRISTMAS TIME: It is good that this time of refreshing comes, good for the children who need these pastimes, good for the grown people who need this change from daily toil . . . a respite for the weary, a time to feel for the needy, to gather one's own family round the table of cheer . . . and family incidents are related that bind the children to the homestead, and make firmer the union of kindred and friends. —Ed.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

FRANCES ALDA, Metropolitan Opera soprano and world-famous diva, wife of Ray Vir Den, died recently in Venice, Italy, at the age of sixty-nine. Her death occurred only thirty-six hours before she was scheduled to hear her old friend Toscanini conduct an orchestra at La Scala Opera House.

FLORENCE CHADWICK became the first woman to conquer the twenty-one mile Catalina, California, channel when she spanned the waterway in thirteen hours, forty-seven minutes, and thirty-two seconds in September 1952. In commenting upon this feat of strength and endurance, Miss Chadwick remarked: "I compare it for thrills with the time I broke Gertrude Ederle's record for swimming the English Channel."

IN September, May Craig, Washington representative of several newspapers, flew over the North Pole with twenty-four Danish and American correspondents, for the unveiling of the U. S. Air Force's quarter-billion dollar Thule base, on Danish soil. The scenery was extraordinarily majestic. Miss Craig expected to be the first woman to make the trip, but a Navy WAVE had preceded her.

MRS. OSCAR A (Mildred) AHLGREN is the new president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, an organization comprising 11,000,000 women in forty countries—a tremendous potential force to aid in achieving international understanding, justice, civilization, peace.

MR. and MRS. WILLIAM J. WILLES of Salt Lake City have celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary.

MRS. LAVINA S. BERRY, of Hurricane, Utah, ninety-eight, recently came to Salt Lake City for a family reunion.

VESTA P. CRAWFORD, Associate Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, won first prize in the contest sponsored by the Utah Poetry Society for Poets Day in October, with her poem "Dominion Over the Earth." Ouida Johns Pedersen, a contributor to the *Magazine*, was awarded both second and third prizes. *Magazine* contributors winning honorable mention were Katherine Fernelius Larsen, Pansy Powell, and Elizabeth Wall.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 DECEMBER 1952 NO. 12

From a Far Country

". . . . behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him" (Matthew 2:1-2).

THE Magi of old who crossed the high mountains and traversed the desert wilderness, seeking the infant King, came from a far country to a hill town of Judea. Their journey and their search may be symbolic of the spiritual journey which people throughout all time have made in their quest for a messenger from the Eternal Father. For each must find for himself the priceless faith, the precious knowledge that the Lord lives, and that he sent his Son to earth that men might have everlasting life. This is the message of Christmas, the message of the gospel, the "Word" of which prophets and seers have testified since the beginning of the world.

And yet the quest for a full understanding of the glorious message which Jesus brought to earth is not easy in its accomplishment. And there are many of us who never arrive at the place of our desire and our hope, for there are obstacles and detours and dark valleys which detain us along "the King's highway," and which delay or prevent our arrival at the point of perfect peace and understanding.

We must come to the true knowledge of Jesus, the acceptance and living of his words, from many and various byways of life. In our own time, and to a certain extent, in all past history, the believer or he who would become a believer, is confronted with a multitude of philosophies and innumerable patterns of life. He is beset with myriads of panaceas for destroying evil; he is confronted with a perplexing array of schemes for achieving justice and brotherhood. And yet all that is needed for us and for our world is the gospel which Jesus brought to earth—his Sermon on the Mount and his words beside the Sea of Galilee.

It is a far journey for us to come from the uncertain land of confusion and perplexity to that place where we comprehend the gospel of Jesus in all the splendor of its simplicity.

We must come from the secret valleys of our own disappointments, our sorrows, and our personal tragedies to the contemplation of the teachings of the Savior, who also walked with grief, as is written in the gospels—for Jesus said unto his disciples: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me" (Matthew 26:38).

In the course of our journey and our search to find and truly live according to the words of the Master, we must come from the dark wilder-

ness of our imperfections, our limitations, our indifference, and our mistakes, to the lofty pattern of individual discipline and rectitude—to the Savior's plan for everlasting brotherhood—to the beginning of peace on earth. "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up" (Matthew 4:16).

For, though we are not always wise or humble or courageous or persistent, we are all as travelers coming from a far country to Bethlehem to find the Prince of Peace. Let us seek him not only in the Christmas season, but throughout all our days and years—throughout the span of our earthly wayfaring. Let us seek him in our joy and our sorrow, in our times of loneliness, and let us search for him in the hearts and in the hopes of our brothers and sisters who journey with us from a far country to the place of light and hope—to that eternal city of fulfillment—"For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country . . . ." (Matthew 25:14).

—V. P. C.

* * * *

First Snow

Beatrice K. Ekman

All night the wind
Beat to a fitful measure;
Now with the dawn
Its threshing wings are stayed . . .
And from the cloud's
Reserved and hidden treasure,
A turf of snow
Upon the earth is laid.

The Wise Men

Ida Isaacson

THEY came and fell down and worshipped him, those wise men from the East. With turbans in hand and knees pressed against the ground, a thousand joys swept up from the eager, burnished, expectant faces, as they looked upon the King. Upon the altar of his precious birth, they heaped their glad souls' devotion.

As they knelt, they heard the plaintive cry of the infant Christ. And the star, the star that had lead them to this place, shone down from above as by some special timing circumstance.

Thoughtfully they had sought him; humbly they had found him; graciously they knelt before him and meted out the rich, warm embers of pure joy that only the hearts of noble and earnest men could know. Then they departed into their own country leaving gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Long since, the frankincense, and the myrrh, and even the gold have been lost, but not so with the Wise Men who first gave of themselves.

Courtesy National Cotton Council

Christmas Candies to Make at Home

Ethel C. Smith

Caramel Squares

2 c. sugar
1 pint cream (some top milk or evaporated milk may be used)
1 c. dark corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla
pinch of salt
½ c. nuts

Combine sugar, syrup, salt, and 1/3 of the cream. Boil for 20 minutes; then add another 1/3 of the cream and boil for twenty minutes longer; add the last 1/3 of the cream and boil for another twenty minutes. Mixture should form a very firm ball when tested in cold water. Remove from heat, add vanilla and chopped nuts. Pour into greased pan and let cool. While still slightly warm, cut in squares.

Butter Toffee or English Toffee

1¼ c. sugar
2 tbsp. light corn syrup
¼ c. water
½ pound butter
¼ pound blanched, ground almonds
½ pound milk chocolate (semi-sweet) chipped or shaved
½ pound walnuts, ground or rolled

Cook sugar, water, syrup, butter, and ground almonds together, stirring frequently at first and constantly in the last stage of cooking. Cook over medium heat for 10 to 15 minutes, or until mixture is light brown in color and leaves the pan when stirred (light crack stage when tested in cold water). Watch closely to prevent scorching.

Pour into shallow greased pan. Sprinkle with the chipped chocolate at once while hot, so chocolate melts. Then sprinkle with the chopped walnuts. When cool, break in pieces.

Marshmallow Squares

2 c. sugar
¾ c. water
2 egg whites
2 envelopes unflavored gelatine, soaked in 8 tbsp. cold water
dash of salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Cook sugar and water to soft ball stage. Pour softened gelatine into syrup. Whip for 20 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff and gradually fold into syrup mixture. Pour into shallow pan to cool. Remove from pan (dip quickly into hot water and turn upside down on waxed paper), and cut into squares. Roll in ground nuts or coconut.

Snowfall

Grace Sayre

The falling snow is writing poems
All along the countryside;
You can feel a metered rhythm
Pulsing, drifting—far and wide.

The falling snow is writing poems
White upon a hemlock spray;
Closely on the needled branches
Snow inscribes an icy lay.

The falling snow is writing poems
Out upon the wild, gray sea.
No words are lost; though winds are stormy,
Tides will bring them back to me.

Winter

Vesta Nickerson Lukei

Bare boughs
Are caught at dawn
In tangled mist, and make
A cobweb hung with dew across
The sun.

Today

Mabel Law Atkinson

Let me
So store my mind
With gracious thoughts
That when my eyes are dim
I shall find companionship
In solitude.

"Under Thy Protecting Care"

Angelyn W. Wadley

MARY Ann leaned back against the slats that formed the sides of the railroad car and tried to shift her weary body into a more comfortable position. The wind, blowing through the open car into her eyes, made her feel sleepy. In spite of the bumping of the train, perhaps she could get a little nap, she thought.

It was good to be going again. This was the fourth time the party of English emigrants had changed trains since they had left the steamer which had brought them from New York harbor, up the Hudson River to Albany. Like the others, this was a car built for cattle, but it was a better one than the others had been. At least the sides felt secure enough to lean on and the straw on the floor was clean and dry enough to sit on. It wasn't comfortable, of course. Cinders from the engine rained down on them, and the fine straw blew up in their faces, but who expected comfort on a trip like this? Just getting there was what counted.

The railroad authorities had been reluctant to let this group of nearly a thousand Latter-day Saint converts travel at all on freight trains—entirely contrary to policy, they had said. But finally they had agreed and most of the group were happy to put up with discomfort since they had no money to spare for luxury travel. Nevertheless, the delays had been wearing. There had been engine trouble, long waits for trains, and once some cars had been derailed, but fortunately no one was hurt. Then at Quincy they waited two nights and one day for another train, with no place to go but the station yard. The women had taken advantage of the day to wash clothes in the river. A heavy wind the second night made it impossible to sleep out in the open, so they spent the entire night huddled close to the station. Since they were not traveling first class, they were not admitted inside. At five in the morning they had started again but twelve miles out they found a bridge damaged by the rebel army (for this was July 1864, near the close of the Civil War). This time they had to wait all day, and another night they camped in the woods while the bridge was repaired.

So it was no wonder they all rejoiced to be moving again. With good luck now, this train would carry them to the Missouri river—the end of the railroad and the beginning of the wagon trail across the plains to Utah.

That would be the bad part of the trip. The teams and wagons sent to meet them would be heavily loaded with supplies being freighted to Utah and the emigrants' luggage. Mary Ann well knew that she and all others who were strong enough would be expected to walk.

Mary Ann was twenty-four years old, happy and healthy, and her faith was strong. Although she had left her family with sadness, know-

ing they might never be together again in this life, she had left with their love and blessing and the conviction that she was doing right, and she felt a thrill of triumph as each threatening obstacle was overcome. She wondered if someday in the future, she and perhaps others, might read the diary she was keeping and look back on this trip as a great adventure.

Her sleepy head nodded and bumped against the side of the car but she roused herself to join the conversation of the little group of special friends who were seated near her—Dorcus, Mima, Walter, and Alex, all young people like herself, making this momentous journey without others of their families.

A gust of wind brought another shower of sparks, and Mary Ann sat up and pinched them out with the rest of the passengers.

"Just imagine, we're going thirty miles an hour!" Alex was holding his watch as he spoke. "I've been watching the mile posts. We're traveling a mile a minute!"

Bouncing and rattling along with no top to shut out the wind, it seemed almost unbelievable speed to these young people of nearly a century ago, who, before this trip, had never traveled faster than a horse trots pulling a cart.

Suddenly there was a commotion! The thirty occupants of the car crowded up to the front. A cinder had set the straw on fire in the back corner. The man nearest tried to stamp it out, but the wind fanned the blaze until, in a few moments, it was out of control. Hastily they pushed the straw apart to make a bare space between the fire and the people, but before that was done the wooden side of the car was burning. The people in the car ahead and the one behind saw what had happened and began to shout, but there was no chance that they could be heard by the engineer above the roar of the train.

"I know what to do," Alex shouted to Mary Ann, "pray that I'll succeed!"

He pushed to the front of the car and climbed to the top. While the frightened people watched, he swung himself to the next car, climbed down into it, pushed through the passengers to the front, and climbed to the next. There were eight cars ahead that he must cross before he could reach the engineer to have him stop the train. Meanwhile the fire was spreading. Could he possibly get there in time? Could he get there at all? One misstep would mean death to him and perhaps to all of those in the burning car. They waited through the long minutes breathlessly and prayerfully.

Mary Ann thought of that anxious night of the storm at sea when even the captain admitted they were in great danger. And that other time when the pirate ship with the black flag had come so near the sailors were afraid their ship would be attacked. On both occasions the saints had gathered on deck for prayer, and both times their lives had been preserved. This fire was a different kind of danger, but surely their kind Father in heaven would not desert them now. He would help Alex succeed in his difficult attempt.

Fervently Mary Ann's lips whis-

pered over and over the words that were a part of all her prayers, "Dear Father, keep us under thy protecting care."

There was a breathless moment of uncertainty. Was the train slowing down, or did they just imagine it? Yes, it was—slower—slower—slower, and finally, with a jerk of the brakes, it stopped. Quickly the worried passengers climbed out over the sides and were sent ahead to crowd into the baggage car. There was no water available to fight the fire, so the train went on until they came to a switch track where the car, now all afire, was switched onto a siding. Before the trainload of converts was out of sight, the car was burned beyond repair, but the lives of this faithful group of saints had been spared once more to continue their journey with gratitude and rejoicing.

Conquering Ourselves

Anne S. W. Gould

In Proverbs it is written, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The greatest thing to accomplish in the world is to conquer ourselves. We can conquer the art of cooking, we can conquer the art of music, and the hundred and one other things that men set out to do; but the greatest of all is to conquer oneself.

Some people have a quick temper, one of the hardest things to conquer; some have to overcome impatience or depression; some, the tendency to gossip; others, intolerance and prejudice.

Every person has some weakness that has to be conquered. Every Christian should make it the main thing in life to develop a well-balanced character, so that he is aware of himself every minute of the day. One aim, one purpose in life, is to please God. Jesus said: "To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." If we love anyone we try to please him. Bad temper, impatience, and all the other miserable habits cannot please God, so we try to eliminate them from our characters and follow in the footsteps of Jesus, who is the way.

To conquer ourselves is the greatest thing we can accomplish in the world. If we are in earnest, we can accomplish much; but, like learning to play the piano, we have to practice. To conquer ourselves, we have to practice, too. We need a quiet time every day to be calm, to think about our determination to conquer our weaknesses, to think of the virtues we desire. If you are impatient, think of yourself as always patient, tolerant, and kind. We will fail many times, but there is no real failure except in ceasing to try.

It will take a whole lifetime to conquer ourselves, but we must never forget that all we take with us out of this life is what we have gained spiritually; and God our Father, who loves us, gives us the help of his Holy Spirit. He gives us the Bible and other inspired writings, and he has given us the greatest gift of his Son, the Christ, who has shown us the way to spiritual strength.

Christmas Packages for Children

Clara Laster

CHRISTMAS is a season of laughter. It is an occasion when children have great expectations. Their eyes are large and full of enthusiasm each passing day. At this time of year parents should meet that youthful challenge with patience, and a special desire to fulfill their expectations to the richest degree.

One doesn't have to buy expensive gifts, however. For these do not always bring delight to our children. Laughter and happiness come from simple sources. A package, for instance, may be wrapped to match the mood and personality of a child. This will bring a smile to the lips of that youngster.

Here are a few ideas and suggestions for a package that might be wrapped just right for one of your children.

Candy-Ann Package

If you have an umbrella for daughter or a long toy for Junior, or any lengthy present to wrap, try making a Candy-Ann package. This gift brought laughter and delight to my daughter last Christmas.

This package is so simple to do, a child could wrap it. You will need a stapler, scissors, cellophane tape, and a long box. If you cannot find a long box, make one from pasteboard. You will also need candy-striped paper and tinsel.

First, take a long box and place your gift inside. Take a sheet of candy-striped paper and let it extend only far enough over the top and bottom of the box to be fastened down with tape. Take another sheet of the same paper and cut out four round

Courtesy Tie-Tie Products

HOW TO MAKE A LOOPED BOW FOR DECORATING PACKAGES

circles. Now, trim two of the circles smaller than the other two. Roll these into arms and fasten to the package with tape.

The other two circles are for the skirt and bonnet of Candy-Ann. Take these and staple tinsel around the edge of each one. See how simple it is? Now place the round package in the center of the skirt and mark around it with a pencil. Cut out the hole and slip the skirt up from the bottom of package. Fasten it to the package with tape. Make a sash of red ribbon and tie in a bow in the back.

Place the last circle on top of your package, for it is the bonnet. Make a small slit on each side and run some ribbon through. Tie this in a bow under a "make-believe chin." Make secure with the tape. Cut the eyes and mouth from a sticker and stick in place.

Candy-Ann is finished. She should stand under the tree without help. Place a card in her hand, and see if she doesn't spread sunshine Christmas morning.

Red Candle Package

A red candle package can be made in nearly the same way. Instead of using candy-striped paper, use red glossy paper. Another difference, the top of this package

must slant down and be white. Fix this by cutting it to the desired slant before wrapping. Put the gift inside. Then staple on a round paper top. Now, wrap with glossy paper. From the same paper, cut two pieces to resemble a flame. Paste these together, glossy sides out. Take a small strip of pasteboard and staple to flame. Fold the bottom of the strip under and tape to candle. Tie a big red or green ribbon bow around the candle near the bottom, and the package is completed. It, too, will stand under the tree.

If you have an oblong gift, wrap it like a little red wagon. Wrap one like a Christmas tree, another can be Santa Claus going down the chimney. There are a multitude of ideas for packages that will delight your children. Dig down into your imagination and watch the results this year.

Fruitcake - - - Through the Holidays

Marie Gifford
Director, Consumer Service, Armour and Company

Perhaps you've been too busy to make the traditional fruit cake for Christmas giving. Don't fret, for there's still time to make the cakes for giving or serving during that week between Christmas and New Year's.

Save those colorful gift wrappings, for they are nice to wrap a small cake to give your shut-in friends, next-door neighbor, or those special friends who slipped by without a Christmas remembrance.

When it comes to fruitcake we find the light variety brings many requests for another piece. Thin slices served with cups of cherry-cranberry punch, make a holiday open house a special occasion. Fruitcake adds to the friendly, informal air when served to the family gathered about the fireplace.

You'll find this recipe calls for a minimum of ingredients as far as fruitcakes go. Then, too, it is less expensive than the usual holiday fruitcakes. At the same time, this light cake is ever so rich, for it's made with butter and eggs—two basic ingredients which add flavor to all baked products.

This fruitcake carries a wish for a "Happy and Prosperous New Year," when served during the holiday week.

LIGHT FRUITCAKE

¾ cup butter or other shortening
3 cups sifted powdered sugar
8 eggs, separated
3 cups white raisins
6 ounces glazed cherries
6 ounces candied pineapple
1 cup chopped blanched almonds
grated rind of 1 lemon
4 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ cup fruit juice

Beat butter until creamy. Add sugar and beat 1 minute. Add egg yolks and beat mixture 10 minutes. Stir in fruit, almonds, and lemon rind, add sifted dry ingredients alternately with liquid. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter into bread tins, 7¼" x 3" x 2½" waxed paper lined. Bake at 275°F. 1½ hours. Makes 3 loaves.

Minor White

WINTER AT ANTHONY LAKES, OREGON

For Christmas Eve

Leone E. McCune

Let there be moonlight and one star
More brilliant than the rest, and light
To guide a troubled world, where strife
And turmoil live, this holy night.

Is peace on earth forever lost,
Its golden echoes ceased to ring?
Oh, world, give pause and heed this night
The words of Jesus Christ, our King!

Let those who guide the destinies
Of men, beware! Let hatred die,
Proud heads be bent and knees be bowed
The anguished heart, the tortured cry . . .

Dear God, in thy compassion,
Let peace, as a gentle dove,
Descend to join all hearts tonight
In one white crucible of love.

The Fabric of Christmas

Mildred Garrett Enos

IT was while John was home from the university for the Thanksgiving holidays that we decided he could do the Christmas shopping for the boys in Salt Lake.

There wasn't any doubt about what they wanted, and we knew I could buy their gifts at the hardware store in town. But one simply doesn't buy, and smuggle home, two pellet air rifles, and a pair of compasses, not when Johnnie, age eight, and Drew, age seven, are watching every move.

So John drew the assignment, and I let my mind relax on that score. Goodness knows I had enough to worry about, what with the ranch on my hands, two boys to see to, and a husband tied up with a course in animal husbandry at the university.

The rest of the family gifts, with the exception of John's, I had provided with my own little homespun talents at various times throughout the year. For John's grandmother, who lived alone in her little house, a box of my best canned fruit and vegetables and jam, and a warm wool shawl. For my mother, a hooked rug, and for John's sister, and mine, a white blouse each. They were all gift packed and ready for me to mail when I went into town around the tenth of December for our fresh food supply. I planned to take care of John's gift at the same time. He had needed a pair of new hunting boots for over a year. I had been saving my money since the past June.

The first light snowfall came the eleventh of December and meant little to me except that our rolling acres on the lower slopes of Thousand Lake Mountain were covered with a soft white blanket later than usual. I had laid in a good supply of food staples the day before, and provision had been made for our animals long before. So I rather welcomed the chance for some inside activities. Pete, our aged Navajo Indian helper, saw to the livestock while I checked our wood and put away our food supply.

Everything being under control, the boys and I shelled the nuts for our fruitcake. Of course the boys were more in the way than help, but they enjoyed it so much, and it did help to keep them indoors, so I let them help dice the fruit, too. It made them feel awfully important standing on chairs with towels tied around their fat little middles, dicing fruit. I saved a little of the batter and baked it in muffin tins for them. We put the finished cake in a clean cloth and tucked it carefully away.

To me Christmas is more than just a day. It is a season. And it always commences for me with the warm spicy smell of a baking fruitcake. With that smell comes the first feeling of the spirit of Christmas. And each succeeding thing—the lovely carols at church and over the airways, the cutting of the tree, the church and family activities—all add their share to the growing feeling. Christmas day is just the climax.

THE house smelled of fruitcake all the next day, and the next, which was Sunday. That day we sang again in our little chapel the old familiar songs of Christmas, and I knew for sure the Yule time season had come.

Johnnie, Drew, and I cut the tree the next day. I was sorry John was not along to help select it—it was the first time he had ever missed. But I knew he would not be home till the twentieth, and, in the meantime, the boys could occupy themselves trimming the tree.

We were on our way home when the snow started again, and as the flakes began falling, silent and beautiful, we had no idea of what was in store for us.

It snowed all night long and again the next day, with never a break. By nightfall the drifts were beginning to pile high. Pete had a worried face when I helped him with the livestock, and the animals themselves were cold and contrary.

I listened to the faint hiss of the snow till midnight before I fell into a troubled sleep. Pete awoke me the next morning when be bumped on the kitchen door. He had shoveled a path from the barn to the house through the snow. The electricity was off, and so, I discovered later in the morning, was the telephone.

We lived in a still, silent world for three days. No one got through to us, and I began to worry for fear John would not be able to get through in time for Christmas. And I thought of the boys' gifts with an uneasy heart.

I worked alongside Pete each day to feed and protect the animals. We kept a fire going in the sheep shed and managed to save every one of John's prize sheep—the great hope of our future.

On the morning of the twentieth it started snowing again, and I knew for certain that my hopes for Christmas were finished. But how do you explain to little boys that anyone as wonderful as Santa Claus couldn't get through a snowstorm when he had Rudolf, the Red-nosed Reindeer, to carry his sleigh?

I told Pete about the gifts, for I had to share my anxiety with someone. But I couldn't bring myself to tell the boys. Somehow, some way, I hoped for a miracle. Reason told me it was impossible. But then, isn't Christmas the season to hope for miracles?

Christmas Eve the snow ceased. But it was too late. We were almost buried under the drifts, and I knew it would be many days before John could get through.

I searched through all my personal things that day, praying that I could find something to use for gifts. For the first time I regretted that the boys were not little girls, for I had several things that would have made nice gifts—the silver bracelet, the turquoise pendant, and I make beautiful Raggedy Anns. But little boys are little boys, whether it be Christmas or the Fourth of July.

I was baking mince pies about four that afternoon—for I was determined to have a Christmas dinner—when Pete came softly in the back door and laid my first miracle on the table before me. A pair of hunter's horns!

THESE were made from cow horns scraped down until they were thin as oiled silk. A hole was bored in the small end, and the mouthpiece hand-carved. A leather thong was tied to each end for carrying over the shoulder. To a hunter a horn is a real treasure. These looked exquisite.

I thought of the many hours of patience required to make the horns, and I couldn't speak. After a few moments I gathered up the box containing John's hunting boots and handed it to Pete. And, in a way, that was a miracle, too. For didn't they wear the same size? He would never know they were not bought for him.

We sang a few carols before bedtime, and I read the old, old story ". . . And there were . . . shepherds . . . keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them . . . ."

I thought of the humble shepherds again while I helped Pete bed down our flock for the night. And I thought of the gifts to the Christ Child, and I thought, why not? Why not one of John's prize lambs to each of his sons?

I carried them to the house, covered each one with a piece of old canvas and tied a huge red bow around each neck and put them in a box of clean hay under the Christmas tree. They were glad of the warm room and lay down gratefully.

The third miracle came the next morning, and it came right straight down from the sky, where miracles are supposed to come from. Yes, it was John! He parachuted from a plane, and almost smothered before we got him dug out of the snow.

Of course, if this were a story, I could have had him jump holding the boys' air rifles and a nice gift for me. But the truth is it was just John, shaken, and much worried. I just hung on to him and wept with joy.

Johnnie and Drew were wild with happiness also. They had their daddy home, and Santa had come, leaving each of them two totally unexpected gifts. Of course, there were disadvantages, for between the boys, the horns, and the sheep, John and I were forced to retreat to the kitchen. He didn't have a gift for me, and I didn't have a gift for him, but we were happy. And that, after all, is the fabric of which Christmas is made.

Your Letter

Della Adams Leitner

The postman brought your letter,
And suddenly the rain
Changed from a dreary, dismal wail
To music once again.
I felt in tune with joy and love
And everything seemed new,
Transformed from drab to golden hours
Because I heard from you.

Courtesy Angostura Wuppermann Corporation

BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING (1858)

Recipe for Date Nut Holly Wreath Pudding

Phyllis Snow

Home Service Department, Mountain Fuel Supply Company

Temperature: 350° Time: 30 Minutes

1. Prepare: 1 c. stoned, minced dates and 1 c. chopped nut meats
2. Combine these ingredients with:

   ½ c. sugar, white or brown
   1 tsp. baking powder
   1 tbsp. flour
   2 beaten egg yolks
   1 tsp. vanilla
3. Fold in: 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and ⅛ tsp. salt
4. Bake the pudding in a well-greased, nine-inch ring mold. Permit it to cool in the pan.
5. Whip until stiff 1 c. heavy cream
6. Fold in 2 tbsp. powdered sugar and 1 tsp. vanilla
7. When cold, unmold pudding onto a platter and cover it with the whipped cream mixture.
8. Garnish with holly leaves and maraschino cherries.

The Christmas Tree

Lillian S. Feltman

"SILENT Night — Holy Night." The soft strains carolled thinly on the crisp December night air. Ellie, walking homeward in the snowy dusk, paused a moment to listen. "Silent Night—Holy Night." It was almost like old times, just hearing it.

Old times—when the children had all been home and their stockings had hung limply, waiting for Santa to fill them. Tom and Ollie and Marge had married, and had gone, one by one, away from the old home. There was no one left, now, but herself and Paul. Just as there had been only Paul and herself in the beginning.

Their first Christmas had been spent at the hospital, because Tom had chosen the week before to put in his appearance. And the next year there had been a sparkling tree for him. All the other Christmases there had been a tree for the children, and last year all the children and grandchildren had come home, and there had been a huge tree for that occasion. The year before that Marge hadn't yet been married.

This year would be different. Just yesterday she had tried to tell Paul how very much they needed a tree. What a comfort it would be to them. Christmas just wasn't Christmas without a tree . . . .

But she hadn't told him all that was in her heart, after all, because Paul had said, "A tree is just an unnecessary expense. We don't need one now the children are all gone, and there won't any of them be coming home this year . . . ."

Ellie blinked back the tears. There wasn't any use thinking about a tree as long as Paul didn't want it, too. She couldn't enjoy it if they had one, knowing he wasn't.

She reached the house and went into the soft warmth of it. Paul was sitting beside the heating stove, and he said as she came in, "Cold out?"

"Not very," Ellie answered. "The carols are lovely so that one doesn't notice the cold so much . . . ."

They had supper and the evening passed like all the other evenings nowadays. And then it was morning again, and the next day would be Christmas.

ELLIE tried to sing as she went about straightening up the house, because she always sang at her work, and Paul would think she was sick or something if she didn't. But her heart wasn't in it, and the sound was thin and sad, somehow, and she was glad when it came time for Paul to go out and tend to the chores. She could stop singing then until he came back in.

And then it was night and supper was over, and Ellie thought of the Christmas tree decorations up on the closet shelf. Tears smarted behind her eyes, and she said, "I think I'll go for a little walk—listen to the carols. Want to come along?" Knowing he wouldn't—it seemed to make his rheumatism worse if he went out into the night air, "I'll be back real soon," she added, and went into the bedroom closet to get her coat and scarf.

Paul was reading the paper when she came into the living room again, so she didn't say anything—just went out and closed the door softly behind her.

Out there she could hear the carols faintly, and it sounded like the children singing them as they did on those long-ago nights when they were small and exuberant and dependent on her's and Paul's love.

If only they had a tree so that it would be like always . . . . She knew she wouldn't mind their not being here so much. She guessed she was being silly—but they'd *always* had a tree—Christmas wasn't Christmas without one. . . .

Ellie walked toward town, went slowly around the small park, once, twice. Paul would be missing her. It was time for her to turn back.

Her feet moved slowly, and she breathed in the clear night air, filling her lungs with its freshness. The night was beautiful, and there were a million stars overhead. They twinkled in rhythmic unison with the carolling.

It began to snow—huge, feathery flakes—and Ellie felt them fall softly upon her upturned face.

Suddenly, she thought of Paul again, and with the thought came an urgency for her feet to hurry.

Nonsense—Paul was all right. He wouldn't be needing her. He would still be sitting beside the stove reading the newsaper.

Ellie walked faster, and presently she turned in at her own gate and went up the walk. She reached the step—and there in a little heap, with the snow covering him gently, was Paul. A little pine tree lay beside him, and the snowflakes, drifting down, clung lovingly to the branches.

Ellie knelt beside Paul and tugged at him. She brushed the snow from his face with her scarf and laid her cheek against his.

"It doesn't matter about the tree, Paul," she said brokenly. "Not really. We can have Christmas without the tree—but not without you. . . . Not without you, Paul.

He stirred against her. "Ellie," he muttered. "It's my lame foot. The ankle turned and I think I hit my head."

"Here," said Ellie, "let me help you into the house."

"Get the tree," said Paul, "we can carry it together. I wanted to do it alone—wanted to have it up when you got back. I wanted to surprise you. Where do you keep the trimmings, anyway?"

Ellie laughed softly. "They're on the closet shelf."

Paul held the tree tightly with one arm and put his other one about her shoulders as they went into the house together.

* * * *

Forget Them!

Mary Gustafson

Troubles cannot bother you,
That is, unless you let them,
So, why not whistle up a tune,
And after that, forget them!

Christmas Aprons From Scraps

Celia Luce

APRONS, for yourself or for presents, are to be had for practically nothing — from your scrap bag. The secret is in the planning and the cutting.

First, choose a plain apron pattern that doesn't take much material, if you are using a bib style, or make a smaller one that ties around the waist, with no bib.

Assemble the scraps of one color and scraps of a contrasting color for trimming. Start with the largest scraps, and lay them on your apron pattern, starting with the center of the pattern. Then decide where you must make the seams. Figure 1 is cut from an apron pattern with no seams in the top section. The bib, center front of the skirt, and two side panels of the skirt, may be cut from one color, and the rest from a contrasting or trimming color. Vary the size of the panels according to the size of your scraps. This apron can be beautiful if you use the scraps from your new house dress and make a matching apron.

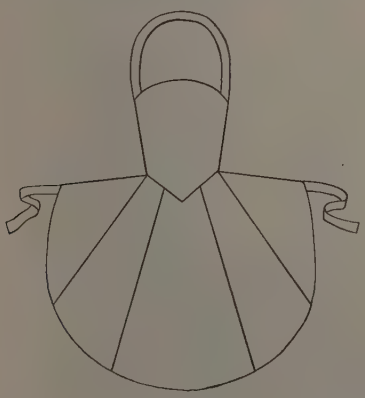


Figure 1

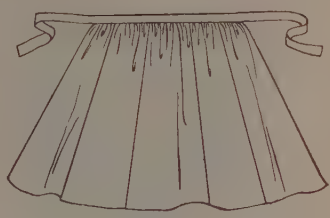


Figure 2

Or, if the scraps are smaller, try an apron like figure 2. No pattern is needed for this. Cut the panels to fit your scraps, making sure the center panel is as large or a little larger than the others. The panels may be straight up and down and gathered at the waist or tapered from narrow at the waist to wide at the bottom, with little or no gathering. The panels may be made from all one color, with ric-rac or bias tape accenting the seam lines, or center and outside panels of one color and the other two of a contrasting color.

Figure 3 is made in much the same way as figure 2. Use the one that fits the shape of your scraps. It is made of two long pieces of contrasting colors sewed together.

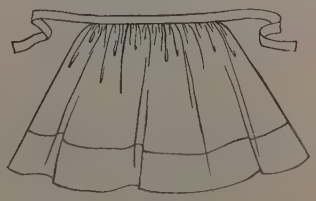


Figure 3

Figure 4

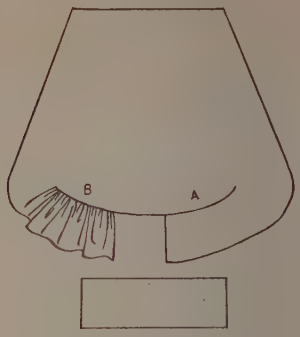


Figure 5

The belt should be the same color as the bottom.

Figure 4 is made from all one color, but the apron is small. The same idea could be used to add a ruffle to the bottom of many different aprons.

Figure 5 shows how figure 4 is made. Fold the material down the center and cut the apron to fit the material. While still folded cut the curved line from A to B to form the ruffle. Cut the ruffle in two in the center front. Cut a straight piece the width of the ruffle and sew the two ends on to the two ends of the ruffle. Gather it and sew it to the upper part. The seams do not show, and this method gives a very interesting effect.

These drawings are merely suggestions. Get out your scraps and see what patterns they suggest to you. Beautiful and different aprons are easy to make and are wonderful additions to any wardrobe.

Immortality

Christie Lund Coles

Age is no stranger to
The skin, the hand, the eye,
The muscle and the bone
That mark the years go by.

Yet, somehow, this same age
Is strangely alien to
The mind and heart that cling
To every joy they knew.

The spirit that can hope,
Can dream when dreams are done,
Renews itself in light
Like an eternal sun;

And proves beyond despair,
Defeat, despondency—
Proves beyond death itself,
Its immortality.

A Time to Forget

Chapter 6

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits from her cousin Harriett Lester a walnut farm in the San Vicente Valley. On her first visit to the property, she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining ranch. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, offers to help Serena with the farm work, and she gratefully accepts his offer, finally becoming very much interested in his wholesome and buoyant attitude toward life. Serena learns that Jeff's wife, Beth Henley, a woman of wealth in her own right, has been dead for five years, and Jeff and David live with Beth's cousin Delia. Becoming friendly with young David, Serena recognizes his need for guidance and companionship. The first harvest is followed by torrential rains which flood Serena's land and her home. Luis and Jeff are helping her when a huge oak tree topples towards the house.

SERENA screamed in horror, her eyes dark with fright. Jeff put his arms about her and held her as in a vise, as the tree crashed on the house. It came, not towards their window, but onto the screened porch to the left, and as it broke, Serena buried her face in the warmth of Jeff's flannel shirt, expecting the roof to crash above her head, yet feeling safe in Jeff's arms.

But the roof did not quiver. There was only the torn screen where the branches pushed through, and a broken awning.

Trembling, Serena raised her eyes to look. Jeff still held her, allowing her only freedom to lift her head. When she saw that the roof was safe, she swayed and would have fallen, save for Jeff. "I'm sorry," she said weakly, her voice muffled by his closeness, "but the tree, after the trouble with the flood, was too much. I'll be all right in a minute."

Jeff said nothing, but pressed his cheek against hers. The weakness of fear left her body, her blood rippled with a new sensation of delight.

"We've been two foolish people, haven't we?" he whispered in her ear. Then he let her go gently. Serena felt something more than the withdrawal of his arms. Jeff Landeau still felt some barrier.

He took her slim hands, warming them between his strong, work-hardened ones. "I guess I've been wanting to do that ever since the first time I saw you, though I wouldn't admit it to myself for a long time." He looked at her, searching her face. "You understand what I'm trying to tell you, don't you? I'm so inept at it."

"I think I do, Jeff." Her brain was playing a topsy-turvy game, and her voice sounded to her as if it came from the ceiling. "I think I do, Jeff, because I had to forget, too."

"What do you mean?" He asked it quickly, controlled fear in his voice.

"I didn't have as much to forget

as you, I know." Her head felt more settled now. Her voice was where it belonged. She sat down on the little chair and motioned Jeff to sit beside her on the divan while she told him about Jim and of her vow to keep him alone in her heart.

By now Jeff was kneeling beside her, holding her hands.

"I know something of how you feel, Jeff," she explained. She was thinking, for each step we take towards tomorrow, there is a tug from the past, holding us back. We have to be strong to resist the tug. Together, it will be easier; we can keep the doors to the past locked.

BUT to Jeff she said, "I didn't have the deep ties you had. Mine was only the promise of love, but I can understand. I'll always respect that part of your life as you will mine."

She looked at him, sensing there was still something holding him back. Releasing her hands, he rose and walked away. When he turned to her, there was both chagrin and resentment on his face.

"I've been a big fool," he said, finally, seating himself in the big chair, facing her, "and I might as well come out with it." He looked at her, begging her not to make him put it into words.

"You might as well come out with it, Jeff."

"I guess I'll have to, confound it." He frowned. "It's hard to put into sensible words, but Beth had a lot of property and considerable money. I didn't have a thing except myself and my high school teacher's salary."

"It didn't make any difference, as long as it was love on both sides, did it?"

"Not a bit. Yet I had a hard time making myself see it that way. I finally had the common sense to understand. Beth was wonderful about it." His eyes were looking across the room, remembering. The room was very still, only the crackle of the fire. Outside, even the wind was silent.

"From the day we were married until the last, she never once made me feel in any way that the land was hers, not ours." Then his eyes clouded. "But the valley people didn't feel the same way." His face colored in embarrassment. "Oh, I'm used to it now, but I think if I live to be a hundred, the old-timers will still say it, every time my name is mentioned, that I got my land through marriage."

"You've done well by the land." Her reminder was gentle.

"We don't get things in this world without sweat. I've worked hard with the land, and I've been rewarded. And yet some of the farmers can't forgive me because I've been successful."

"I know how people are." Serena spoke with wisdom. "They respect you for treating the land well and being rewarded, but some of them can't conquer their envy." She rose lightly to her feet, looking up at him, her brown eyes soft. "But what has that to do with us?"

HIS face was really crimson now. "I wish I didn't have to say it." His deep blue eyes pleaded with her to understand. "You're an heiress yourself. Ever since you came, they've been hemming and hawing

and intimating—heaven only knows what they'll say when we marry."

The color was receding from his face, showing his relief that he had spoken.

Serena's laugh was short. "I'm a queer kind of heiress. My big worry has been how to afford this place."

"I doubt if anyone else in Meadtown thinks of it in that light," Jeff said dryly.

"It's a lot of old woman talk," she chided him, amused at his discomfiture. "I'm ashamed of you, Jeff Landeau." She was close to his chair.

"You have every right to be." He took the fingers of her right hand and pressed them against his cheek. "I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you, though you might as well know that for months when I'd want to come to see you or take you some place, I'd think of what people would say." He looked very humble and ashamed. "I thought once was all I could stand." She saw his dark look change. He stood up in quick decision.

"Couldn't you give this place away?" The urgency in his voice was real.

"You don't mean that, Jeff?"

"I really do. I want you and nothing else."

"I'm glad you said that, Jeff." Happiness made her warm all over. "But I'm not going to give my farm away, even for you. It's been my very life, and I want our children to inherit it, too."

She watched the slow smile spread across his face.

"I guess you're right. They can talk all they want, I . . . ."

"Don't worry," she interrupted. "I'll make them like me and they won't talk too much."

She laughed in pure happiness. "It's been my refuge and my home. Now it will be ours." As she spoke the words, she knew her plan.

"You mean that you want us to live here."

"Wouldn't you rather?"

"Why not?" He laughed with the same happiness. "It's newer, we'll both like it better. Do you know I've never thought of this, even to myself, but the old house was never really mine. The land was, but the house wasn't mine." There was wonder in his voice. "I kept looking forward to the time when I could build a new one. This one now," enthusiasm was flowing through him, "I've always liked it. Maybe I was even a little envious when it was being built."

His eyes took in the spacious room and traveled to the unseen corridor. "We can add another wing, one big enough to include a room for Luis."

SHE nodded in agreement. Luis would always be part of the family.

"And if you don't mind," the idea was newly tumbled into his head, "we'll just turn the old place over to Delia. I promised her when she came she could have a home as long as she lived. There's an elderly cousin who will be glad to come and live with her."

Smiling down at Serena in satisfaction, he said, "I guess that about settles everything." He pulled Serena towards him. "Except one thing, when will it be?" There was tenderness in his voice.

Serena wrinkled her nose in the contentment of his arms. "I couldn't decide anything until after Christmas," she said lazily. "The house will be jammed with people. After Christmas we'll talk about it."

"We're not putting anything off," Jeff retorted, ruffling her short brown curls with his free hand, "we'll talk about it now."

"Can't we wait until then? So much has happened today."

"I know it has," he said contritely. "I don't want to upset you any more, but couldn't we just decide on, say February? That will give time for a proper courtship and yet not be too long."

"Oh that's far too soon." She was alarmed. "I like May. It would be the anniversary of my coming."

Jeff gave her a quick hug. "You're marrying a farmer, Serena. The seasons don't wait. What do you say again to February? That will give us time to go away for six weeks or so before the spring work begins."

Serena capitulated, saying, "I suppose I could quit work then as well as later." She could see Mr. Green's astonished face when she told him, and smiled.

"What do you say to Mexico?" he asked, pressing his advantage. "I was there one summer when I was studying Spanish, and I've always wanted to go back. Would you like it?"

"It would be a dream come true." She pressed her face against his arm.

"Serena, Serena," he whispered the name softly. "Such an old-fashioned name." He pulled her closer and in his kiss Serena knew there would be no more barriers.

"I'm going now," he said later, "to give you a chance to get a little rest and to see what the storm's doing to my place. We'll fix that oak when it quits raining. Then I'm going to come back and start showing you off by taking you out to dinner."

SERENA walked with him to the door. The world outside was still dark with rain.

"When the sun came out again, I had intended to begin my quest for someone to share my home with me." Her eyes twinkled. "I didn't expect an applicant so soon."

"There are two of us, you know." His voice was serious.

"I'm glad that you have David to bring with you," she replied quietly, "and Luis, of course, will always make his home with us."

"Once you take tenants in, it's difficult to get rid of them these days." He was close to her in the doorway.

"I'm prepared to take the risk." She pushed him gently with her finger-tips. "To make you hurry home so that you will be back soon," she told him.

* * * *

SERENA was driving that bright afternoon in March when they left the main highway. She pulled the car off the road.

"I want you to drive the rest of the way, Jeff," she said, slipping from the driver's seat. She was thinking that this was her valley, her home, its walls, the hills in their soft spring green, its floor, the carpet of trapped sunshine that was the mustard in bloom. Akin to car-

rying her over the threshold was Jeff's driving.

His deep blue eyes, tender with love, smiled at her as he took the wheel. "Glad to be back?" he asked.

Nodding, she pressed her shoulder against his. "Glad, but part of me is still in Mexico."

Memories of the past six weeks were with her, like mosaics, sharp-cut and brilliant in color. There was the green water of the jungle rivers, the orchids hanging high in the giant trees along the highway. Cathedral spires floated in the golden light. In a rose-red hill village she saw light brown women in long, colored skirts, with eyes bright as forest berries. And interlacing the whole pattern was the love between her and Jeff.

No longer quietly pretty, Serena had a beauty that was almost startling. Her eyes, her skin, and even her hair had a luminous quality. Her face, that for so long had been sad in repose, was now truly lovely.

The voices of the Southland still tinkled their music in Serena's ears. She was glad that Luis would be waiting, a link between her enchanted weeks and the new life. She wondered if he would like the brown serape and the bowls of pottery she had brought him from his native Michoacan.

And Delia? There was a small wrinkle on Serena's forehead. She hoped Delia would be happy with her silver earrings and combs, for so little in Mexico had seemed to be suitable for Delia. David, ah, David, he would be the happy one. She relaxed again. Everything was right between her and David. They understood each other. Her mind raced ahead of the engine, anticipating his delight in his gifts.

"Delia wasn't happy at our wedding." The words had been on top of her mind for a long time, but she had not said them before.

JEFF, his lean brown hands steady on the wheel, did not turn. "Only brides are happy at weddings. Other women cry."

"Delia wasn't crying. I thought until the day of the wedding that she liked me a little, maybe tolerated is a better word. I knew that day she didn't."

"I didn't know you had such morbid thoughts. Poor old Delia was only mourning her lost and wasted youth."

"She liked ruling the Landeau household, didn't she?" She was smiling now. "We'll have to make her happy now as mistress there."

"Don't let us ask for a miracle." Jeff's eyes twinkled. "Delia was not born to be happy."

The resentment went deeper than Jeff's diagnosis. Delia had come to the wedding dressed in expensive new clothes, provided by Jeff's liberality, willing to be affable in a patronizing way to the unknown office girl and her friends. Clutching David by the arm, she had stood there in hauteur to tell the guests that she represented David's family of the old and vast acres. She would be affable, but no more.

If my friends had been shabby or mediocre, I believe she would have accepted me, thinking Beth's place unusurped, Serena told herself, recalling the lovely reception given her by Mr. and Mrs. Green in

their beautiful home. But that was being morbid. She gave herself over to the joy of homecoming.

They were turning into the lane now, past the Hale house where Mr. Hale was dozing in the sun.

"Let's unload our things here at our house before we go to Delia," Jeff suggested. "She won't be expecting us so early." He was ready to swing the car into the curved driveway, gay with daffodils.

"Shouldn't we go to her first, just as we are? She might like it better."

"I'd like to go to our own place first, wouldn't you? Besides I want a shower and a change." He swung the car into the driveway, his eyes appreciating the riot of gold. "We're not going to start pampering Delia," he added. "I've done that long enough."

SERENA had been married six weeks. She smiled in agreement. Luis had cut the lawns, but the earth was still too soaked for spring planting. As they stopped the car in the side driveway they saw that work had started on the new wing. Cement was poured, the framing begun.

"We'll be in it before summer." Jeff's voice was elated. They walked around the framework, Jeff lingering while Serena went to the car.

"Here, take it easy," he called when he saw her taking out some boxes. "That's my work."

No longer a novice, Serena set out his towels and farm browns, as clean and smartly tailored as when she had first seen them. Now he was Jeff the farmer.

Later, when they drove to the Landeau place, Delia, in her silk print dress and enveloping white apron, was waiting for them in her kitchen, odorous with baking chicken. She seemed pleased enough with the silver trinkets, letting Serena arrange the combs in her graying hair. She stuck the earrings through her long-pierced ears.

"My land, you didn't have to go to all that bother for me," she protested, at the same time admiring her profile in the mirror.

Through the mirror Serena saw the clock. "David's bus is the last one. If you go right now, you can catch him."

"You come along, too." Jeff took her arm.

She wanted to go, but she said, "You go alone this time. I think David will like it better the first time."

She saw Delia looking at her and was surprised by the fleeting look of triumph that passed over the older woman's face.

(To be continued)

Pageant of Night

Eunice J. Miles

Impart
Your secret, stars
That calmly climb the skies,
Untouched, unknown, flung far beyond
The earth.

You own
No fear of death,
Imprint no shade, no scar,
To mar the dome where you display
Your light.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 14—Nephi

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 1 and 2 Nephi)

For Tuesday, March 3, 1953

Objective: To gain an appreciation of the character and teachings of Nephi, and to realize the value to all men in emulating them.

"I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them . . . . As the Lord liveth, and as we live, we will not go down unto our father in the wilderness until we have accomplished the thing which the Lord hath commanded us" (I Nephi 3:7, 15). In this firm and decisive manner, Nephi spoke concerning the assignment he and his older brothers had been given to bring the brass plates from the house of Laban in Jerusalem to the tent of Lehi in the valley of Lemuel.

After one vain attempt by Laman to secure the brass plates, the older brothers, with flagging resolution, were ready to renounce their undertaking and to return to the tent of their father. Such a spiritless attitude was foreign to the character of Nephi. With inspired determination, he buoyed up their spirits to the point where they were able to accomplish their mission.

That they might fail in this assignment given them of the Lord was unthinkable to Nephi. He knew that they could accomplish the assigned task with the Lord's help. It is this faith in God, this determination to carry out his commandments, which dominate the character of Nephi throughout a long and illustrious life. Recognizing these qualities as basic in Nephi, we can easily understand why former President Heber J. Grant could say that Nephi exerted a more powerful influence on his life than any character in sacred or profane history, save only Jesus Christ.

Nephi was young when he made this hazardous journey to Jerusalem to secure these brass plates, but the characteristics which were to dominate his life were already formed. He grew to young manhood and received his early training in Jerusalem where Lehi and Sariah, his father and mother, had reared their family of four sons, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi. Jerusalem was in the land of Palestine, called Canaan by the inhabitants who lived there. The eastern boundary of this land

was perhaps the Jordan River; its western boundary, the Mediterranean Sea. The river Jordan, connecting the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, extended north and south between two mountain ranges. About eighteen miles north and west of the Dead Sea was the city of Jerusalem. At that period of time it was the crossroads between the fertile crescent and Egypt. (See *The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1952, page 50.)

Because it was situated between two great civilizations, the citizens of Jerusalem came into contact with the Egyptians and Babylonians. These civilizations, especially the Egyptians, contributed to the culture of the populace in Jerusalem. (Hugh Nibley, "Lehi in the Desert," *The Improvement Era*, Volume LXIII, January, 1950, pp. 14-16; 66, 71; see also, February, 1950, pp. 102-104; 155-157). With this historical information in mind, we can readily understand why Nephi wrote that he made a record in the language of his father, which consisted of the learning of the Jews and *the language of the Egyptians*.

Not only did he have a knowledge of the Egyptian language, but he read from the plates of brass, which were written in the Hebrew language, but in the reformed Egyptian characters. He quoted much from Isaiah and expounded Isaiah's prophecies.

It was not only book learning, however, which constituted the education of Nephi. He was a practical man. He knew how to smelt ore from the rocks, how to make from the skins of animals a bellows with which to blow a fire, how to fabricate bows and arrows, how to hunt successfully, how to construct buildings of wood and cement, and how to manufacture swords patterned after the sword of Laban.

Educated under divine tutorship, for he was carried away in the spirit and saw and talked with the Spirit of the Lord and with angels, and was shown visions, he possessed a knowledge of God's dealings with mankind. He knew how to place first things first. He submitted his problems to God and received an answer.

As a young man, he was told by the Lord that he was to be a ruler and teacher of his older brothers, who were incredulous and recalcitrant like the Jews in Jerusalem. In his association with his brothers, he was firm in his attitude, for he knew his position was right, and yet he was kind and forgiving. Hatred and revenge never found expression in the life of Nephi.

His forgiving nature is aptly illustrated by an incident which occurred on the return journey from Jerusalem to the valley of Lemuel with Ishmael and his family. There was a minor rebellion in the camp because Laman, Lemuel, and part of Ishmael's family had determined to return to Jerusalem. Nephi pleaded with them to continue their journey, pointing out to them that Jerusalem would surely be destroyed. Angered against Nephi, they bound him with cords and planned to leave him in the wilderness to be eaten by the wild beasts. Miraculously delivered, Nephi again reproved his brothers. The Lord softened their hearts so that they begged Nephi for forgiveness. Nephi, recording the event on the small plates of Nephi, simply wrote

"And it came to pass that I did frankly forgive them all that they had done" (1 Nephi 7:21).

He must have experienced to the full the joy which arises in the human heart by returning good for evil. The gospel to him was something to be lived, not alone something to be taught. His conscience was so tender that sins which might not disturb the average man bore down upon him almost to the point of despair. Suffering from a feeling of his own unworthiness, on one occasion, Nephi engraved the following message on his record:

. . . my heart exclaimeth . . . O wretched man that I am! Yea, my heart sorroweth because of my flesh; my soul grieveth because of mine iniquities. I am encompassed about, because of the temptations and the sins which do so easily beset me. And when I desire to rejoice, my heart groaneth because of my sins; nevertheless, I know in whom I have trusted (2 Nephi 4:17-19).

The verses which follow are an eloquent expression of Nephi's trust in the Lord and of his gratitude for the great things he had been shown and the mercy of the Lord.

My God hath been my support; he hath led me through mine afflictions in the wilderness; and he hath preserved me upon the waters of the great deep.

He hath filled me with his love, even unto the consuming of my flesh.

He hath confounded mine enemies, unto the causing of them to quake before me.

Behold, he hath heard my cry by day, and he hath given me knowledge by visions in the night-time.

And by day have I waxed bold in mighty prayer before him; yea, my voice have I sent up on high; and angels came down and ministered unto me.

And upon the wings of his Spirit hath my body been carried away upon exceeding high mountains. And mine eyes have beheld great things, yea, even too great for man; therefore I was bidden that I should not write them.

O then, if I have seen so great things, if the Lord in his condescension unto the children of men hath visited men in so much mercy, why should my heart weep and my soul linger in the valley of sorrow, and my flesh waste away, and my strength slacken, because of mine afflictions?

And why should I yield to sin, because of my flesh? Yea, why should I give way to temptations, that the evil one have placed in my heart to destroy my peace and afflict my soul? Why am I angry because of mine enemy? (2 Nephi 4:20-27).

In deepest humility and thanksgiving Nephi then explains:

Awake, my soul! No longer droop in sin . . . . Rejoice, O my heart, and cry unto the Lord, and say: O Lord, I will praise thee forever; yea, my soul will rejoice in thee, my God, and the rock of my salvation. O Lord, wilt thou redeem my soul? Wilt thou deliver me out of the hands of mine enemies? Wilt thou make me that I may shake at the appearance of sin?

May the gates of hell be shut continually before me, because that my heart is broken and my spirit is contrite! O Lord, wilt thou not shut the gates of thy righteousness before me, that I may walk in the path of the low valley, that I may be strict in the plain road! O Lord, wilt thou encircle me around in the robe of thy righteousness! (2 Nephi 4:28, 30-33).

This complete prayer (2 Nephi 4:17-35) is in a category with the great recorded prayers of the world. It was uttered with faith in God. It came from the depths of a sin-

cere heart. It acknowledged the hand of God in all things. It requested blessings that are of true worth. This prayer reveals Nephi's beliefs and aspirations, as does the sincere prayer of any man. In all the important decisions of his life, he sought the wisdom and favor of God. Desirous to see the things his father had witnessed in visions, he prayed fervently and was caught away in the Spirit of the Lord, into an "exceeding high mountain" where he was privileged to behold much that would happen in the world to the end of time.

His account of this vision, which he received in the valley of Lemuel, together with the prophecy which he gave near the end of his life, clearly indicate the extent of his knowledge of what would happen to the various divisions of the house of Israel and to the Gentiles. These two sources, and the vision of John on the Isle of Patmos give us a prophetic history of significant events in the history of the world. Nephi's vision and his prophecy give us clear implications of his spiritual strength. Restricted space prevents further analysis of this important characteristic of Nephi.

As we delve into the life of this great spiritual leader, we find other qualities worthy of consideration. When his father led the little colony from the valley of Lemuel into the wilderness along the borders of the Red Sea, they were deprived of many of the comforts of life, which they had enjoyed in Jerusalem. The members of the group experienced conditions which tried their souls and tested their faith and intelligence. One of these experiences occurred not long after they left the valley of Lemuel. They had camped to rest themselves and to replenish their food supply. While hunting, Nephi broke his fine steel bow. It was the last one they possessed, because the bows of the others had lost their spring.

The older brothers were fearful that they would not be able to kill the beasts of the forest. They complained about their sufferings and afflictions in the wilderness. Nephi, always able to accommodate himself to the situation at hand, conceived the idea of making a bow and arrow from wood, and of preparing a sling and stones. Armed with these weapons, he obtained food for the group. They rejoiced exceedingly. It was Nephi's initiative and Nephi's resourcefulness which had saved the little colony in its hour of distress.

His ability as a leader, as contrasted with the ability of two of his older brothers, Laman and Lemuel, is evident from the civilization which he built after separating from them in the land of promise. He taught his people to construct buildings, to work with wood, iron, copper, brass, steel, gold, silver, and precious ores. He built a temple, constructed after the pattern of the temple of Solomon and its workmanship was "exceeding fine," although it was not built of so many precious things, for they were not to be found upon the land.

He taught them the value of industry, and of employing their hands, undoubtedly recognizing the fruits of industry and the curative power of honest labor. Because of his obedience and his spiritual knowledge, Nephi built a civilization of culture and greatness.

His brothers, Laman and Lemuel, were cursed with a dark skin for their iniquity. Their descendants became "an idle people, full of mischief and subtlety" (2 Nephi 5:24).

In his second book, Nephi summarizes what he attempted to accomplish among his people. He tried to persuade them to do good. He explained the history of their fathers, the tribes of Israel, and God's covenants with them. He spoke of Jesus who was to come to earth to save mankind and exhorted them to believe in him. He reproved the sins of the people and encouraged them to endure in faith to the end (2 Nephi 32:4).

Near the close of his writings Nephi reveals the great charity which was in his heart for all mankind and particularly for his people, when he wrote:

But I, Nephi, have written what I have written, and I esteem it as of great worth, and especially unto my people. For I pray continually for them by day, and mine eyes water my pillow by night because of them; and I cry unto my God in faith, and I know that he will hear my cry (2 Nephi 33:3).

Scholar, statesman, man of God—these are appellations that apply to this great character who was promised by the Lord that he should be a leader and a teacher of his brothers, which promises were literally fulfilled.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What are the two basic characteristics of Nephi? Justify your answer.
2. How did Nephi exemplify his forgiving nature?
3. Can you show that Nephi believed in the application of religious truths to life?
4. How do you know that Nephi was prayerful?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 14—"Wherefore, the Lord God Gave Unto Man That He Should Act for Himself. Wherefore, Man Could Not Act for Himself Save It Should Be That He Was Enticed by the One Or the Other" (2 Nephi 2:16).

For Tuesday, March 3, 1953

Objective: To bring to our minds an awareness of the importance of free agency, and to stimulate its intelligent use.

PERHAPS never before in the history of the world has the free agency of man been so gravely threatened. Perhaps never before has the need been greater for an awakening, on the part of all mankind, to the worth of this principle.

The right to make our own decisions is one of the basic privileges granted to man. It is God-given and an eternal principle. At the council in heaven Satan presented a plan for the redemption of man which would have denied him his agency. Our Heavenly Father disapproved that plan because it was not in accord with divine law. How we should cherish the principle of

free agency and jealously guard it against any designs which might wrest it from us! There are those in the world today who maintain that the common people are not capable of governing themselves or of making wise decisions, and who therefore would take away man's agency and presume to prescribe his way of life for him. And many seem willing to relinquish this precious right, believing their circumstances would be improved thereby.

Why is free agency so precious? Because only through the exercise of free agency can man develop and progress. Only by knowing good and evil and by choosing one or the other can man prove himself. No one can reach the exaltation which God has prepared for the righteous, and which is the purpose of his existence, by any other process than choosing the good and forsaking evil.

Often we bemoan the fact that so many obstacles are in our way, that we are beset on every hand by temptations. We chafe at the necessity of forever making choices, weighing the merits or demerits of innumerable matters. But let us remember that every choice that we make, offers an opportunity for growth.

In 2 Nephi 2:11, we read, "For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things." President Brigham Young said:

> There is not, has not been, and never can be any method, scheme, or plan devised by any being in this world, for intelligence to exist eternally and obtain an exaltation, without knowing the good and the evil—without tasting the bitter and the sweet. Can the people understand that it is actually necessary for opposite principles to be placed before them, or this state of being would be no probation, and we should have no opportunity for exercising the agency given us? Can they understand that we cannot obtain eternal life unless we actually know and comprehend by our experience the principle of good and the principle of evil, the light and the darkness, truth, virtue, and holiness, also vice, wickedness, and corruption? (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 66, 1941 Edition).

Let us not look upon the problems and tribulations of life as a cruel fate dogging our footsteps, but rather as so many opportunities by which we may prove our integrity, a test by which we may gain entrance into the kingdom of our Father. "I have overcome the world," was the solemn declaration of the Savior, prior to his crucifixion. We too must overcome the world, if we would gain eternal life.

The Greater Gift

Margaret Evelyn Shingleton

In every heart the Christmas bell
Awakens answering chimes,
A peal of joy or a measured knell
For the death of happier times.

Is the gift more dear when the lonely sing
His birthday song again
To this Child for whom the carols ring,
This Holiest of Men?

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 6—Household Cleaning

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, March 10, 1953

"Cleanliness is . . . next to godliness." —John Wesley

A clean, orderly home is a mark of a good Christian home. It sets the background for peace of mind, contentment, clean thoughts, and wholesome relationships among family members.

A clean, orderly home is also a mark of a good homemaker. Cleanliness and orderliness save furnishings, time, and energy, and contribute to the health and safety of the family.

Since cleaning is the removal of accumulated dirt, anything you can do to keep dirt out of the house will minimize the efforts required to clean. Mats and scrapers placed near entrances serve as reminders as well as a means of removing dirt from shoes. They will pay for themselves many times over by preventing wear on floors that results when dirt is tracked in on them, not to mention energy saved in cleaning.

Every home needs a thorough cleaning and face-lifting occasionally. This doesn't mean, however, that the whole house must be put in a state of disorder and cleaned all at once.

When the urge to give your home a thorough cleaning strikes you, don't grab a pail, a mop, and cleaning cloths with the idea that you're ready to plunge right in. Take stock of what you're going to do; when it will be best to do it, and the supplies you will need to do it really well.

Because home situations vary, each homemaker must make her own plan for cleansing, so that everything will proceed in an orderly way and with a minimum of disorder while the cleaning is being done. It can be as simple as deciding that you will first clean and put in order all the closets, cupboards, and drawers. Before you begin the big jobs, you may want to clean and store in a safe, clean place all the wall hangings, lamps, bric-a-brac and pictures.

While cleaning, take stock of needed repairs, such as electrical wiring, chairs to be reglued, loose railings, frayed edges on rugs, and other danger spots. See if light is needed in the halls or on the stairways to save someone from a dangerous accident.

Housecleaning need not be the dreaded job that it sometimes is, if you will follow a few practical, healthful work habits. Don't let your ambition run away with you! You can clean well, without driving yourself. Put into practice the following advice:

1. Wear comfortable shoes and attractive but suitable clothes for the work you have to do. A neat appearance can do wonders in keeping fatigue down and one's morale up.

2. Rest before you get tired. Take frequent, but short rest periods throughout the day. Prop your feet up and relax and try drinking a glass of cold water or milk.

The way women work is of great concern and the subject of much research, particularly of heart associations and larger factories employing women. The result of this research proves that frequent short rest periods boost production to two, and sometimes three times the output of continuous work without short rests. The strain on the heart and other parts of the body is very greatly lightened.

Women are prone to allow their own "motors" to go much faster, for longer periods of time, than they would allow their vacuum cleaners or mixers to go, for fear of burning them out.

3. Develop a kind of rhythm in your work. There is good form in housework just as in sports. Good form is simply performing a skill properly and with the least outlay of energy. Much energy can be saved and tiredness avoided if bodies are used properly. If the back is kept straight and stooping done with the leg muscles which are stronger than back muscles, another cause of fatigue will be avoided. It requires nineteen times more energy to stoop to pick up an object than to grasp it at waist level.

4. Learn to relax even while you work. Do not dash around with tensed muscles. Sit on a comfortable chair to do every task you can, such as polishing silver, cleaning lamps, etc. Learn to relax your legs, back, and neck muscles.

5. Housecleaning time is too often home accident time. A good stepladder is a necessity in most homes. Do not use as a substitute the edge of a chair, or a box or piece of furniture not made for such sturdy use. They would be expensive substitutes, if the worker slipped or if they crashed to the floor.

Many cleaning compounds are poisonous and some are inflammable. Keep them out of the reach of children and always carefully labeled. Make a practice of washing out oily cloths after you have used them; burn those that cannot be used again. Oily rags left carelessly around have been the cause of many home fires.

6. Cultivate pride in all you do. Doing a job you can be proud of provides an incentive for work and holds back fatigue. Remember, boredom causes fatigue. A study of twenty women (as nearly alike as twenty women can be) doing the same task, showed that those whose mental attitudes toward that task were good, performed it much easier, quicker, and with less fatigue than those who disliked it.

SUGGESTIONS

Do you have a stock of the latest recommended cleaning supplies? Are the methods you use for cleaning up-to-date and in keeping with the best and easiest ways of doing each part of your housecleaning?

Have you tried:

Cellulose sponges in place of cloths?

Modern window cleaners in place of soap and water?

Easier tile and stove cleaners?

Sponge mops in place of old fashioned scrubbing brushes?

Self-polishing waxes on linoleum?

New woodwork and wall cleaners that require no rinsing?

Methods of cleaning are given in the following bulletins:

"Household Cleaning"

"Beauty Treatments"—No. 196

"Wood Finishing"—No. 171

Single copies are available without cost, and quantities for a nominal cost, from the Utah Extension Service, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah. Similar materials can be obtained from other state extension services.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 30—John Keats (1795-1821)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II,* Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 273-296).

For Tuesday, March 17, 1953

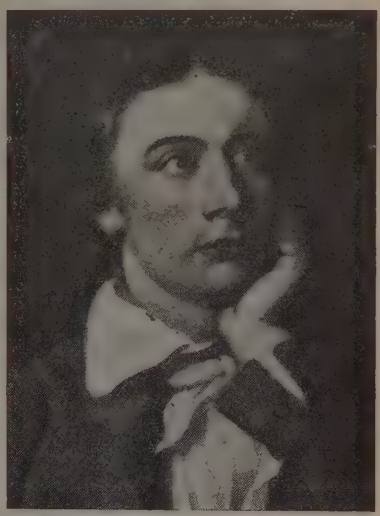
Objective: To understand more fully the relation between Keats' life, his theory of beauty, and his poetry.

"WHO killed John Keats?" asked Lord Byron in a bitter poem which for answer named as his murderers the critics who reviewed his poems with fierce condemnation. The passing years have revealed to us what Byron could not know—that one of his charges was almost as untrue as the other. Keats' letters tell the small influence the reviewers had upon him; likewise his continuing popularity as one of the great romantic poets proves that the real John Keats can never die.

Time has thus proved Byron wrong, and Keats wrong as well. During his fatal struggle with tuberculosis he wrote his fiancee, Fanny Brawne:

> If I should die I have no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered.

And his self-composed epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," gives the note of finality to his feeling of futility and failure. Actually no English poet has ever accomplished so much in so short a life.



A Perry Picture
Copyright 1909

JOHN KEATS
(1795-1821)

Keats' Life

The outward events of his simple life at once seem familiar to us, so common are they to our present reality. Born to lowly parents, he was orphaned at fifteen, and mournfully watched his brothers and sisters assigned out to relatives and guardians. At school his life was entirely normal: he had many

friends, loved a fight for its own sake, and, until his teens, was indifferent to books and poetry. For four years he was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary, but just when he was eligible to set up practice he dedicated his life to poetry.

For the next few years he knew the inspirational talk and hopes of fellow writers and painters. Publishing but little and selling less, he retreated to the country where he could write undisturbed. It was about this time he fell in love, but because of failing health he did not marry but went to northern England, then to Italy, hoping that a change of climate might save him. However, some few months after arriving in Italy he died and was buried in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, almost unknown to his own generation, and unfulfilled within himself.

"The Apostle of Beauty"

It is temptingly easy to summarize the essence of Keats' life and works by referring to him as "the Apostle of Beauty," as has often been done, and justly. He loved beauty sufficiently that he gave all his mature effort to its cause, finally creating in his poems a pure, intense beauty which indeed will live forever. But although we all realize that beauty begets beauty, we should realize that the beauty of Keats' poetry has its origins within Keats himself—rather than in his life of poverty, physical suffering, obscurity, frustration in a most pure and intense life, and in the horror of a death which came just as he began to realize his faith in his own poetic destiny.

Keats' Character

Because Keats was small of stature (in his letters he refers to himself with a wink as "Mister John Keats, five feet high"), handsome, gentle in manner, and universally liked, weak in body, and above all a poet, it would be easy to believe he was a weak and effeminate person. Both from his letters and from descriptions by his friends, we learn that he was vigorous, even belligerent, full of good talk and sparkling humor. But even as he inherited a tendency toward tuberculosis from his mother, he also credited her with giving him what he called his "horrid morbidity of temperament." He felt himself to be impulsive, proud, willful, irritable, and given to moods of depression and self-pity. This side of his life was always present but controlled until the last desperate months of his illness.

Growth Through Self-Discipline

Through self-discipline he subdued these elements, and developed instead an attitude of cheerfulness, courage, and joy in his world of poetry. When his *Endymion* was attacked for weaknesses he had already admitted in its preface, he wrote in 1818 (text, page 294):

> Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict—and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine (text, page 294, Hessey Letter, l. 11-20).

Earlier the same year he had confessed how much he had to learn in order to prepare himself to write poetry.

> I know nothing, I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions of "Get wisdom, get understanding . . . .' There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it (Letter, April 24, 1818).

In a letter written about six months later Keats wrote:

> The genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself—that which is creative must create itself.

The history of his growth as a poet is the record he left of his own self-creation, achieved through keen observation, wide reading, careful analysis of such great masters as Shakespeare, and a most severe self-criticism.

The Maturing Poet

His first great discovery of his poetic powers occurred when his closest friend, John Cowden Clarke, son of the headmaster at school, led him to the joys of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "He went through it," wrote Clarke, "as a young horse would through a spring meadow—ramping! Like a true poet . . . . He *hoisted* himself up and looked burly and dominant as he said, 'What an image that is—"sea-shouldering whales'." The sensuousness of Spenser predicted the same qualities within Keats' own poetry; throughout his life Spenser was one of his guiding stars.

When he discovered the glories of the classical spirit he wrote his ecstasies in communicable form which we might share: "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," and "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles" (page 275). The first sonnet, one of the most famous in the language, condenses into two vast images of discovery the elation he feels when first he enters the domain of "deep-browed Homer" to drink of his wisdom and beauty. Likewise, at sight of the Elgin Marbles, his first visible contact with classical Grecian beauty, Keats feels dizzy with the pain-pleasure which these statutes, "a shadow of a magnitude," bring to him despite "the rude wasting of old Time." Probably his most famous poem. "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (pp. 281-282) is built upon the same theme: that the simple, pure beauty of Greek art, like all beauty, will endure forever, since beauty is the only truth in life, and truth alone endures. So it is that each of his poems is one of discovery, of a new aspect of self-creation as revealed to him in terms of beauty by the object being described: the sea, a tavern, death, a classical myth, melancholy, fame, a nightingale.

Keats' Definition of Beauty

Keats thus worshipped beauty because he believed it to be the only reality which mortals can know. To him God, the source and center of all goodness and beauty, has extended himself into mortality in forms of beauty, that here he might be acknowledged and loved by man. Beauty, then, is the connecting link between mortals, all other beauty, and a kind and loving Father. The search for Ideal

Beauty and the creation of it became for Keats the greatest good in life. And this life, since it occurs in surroundings best adapted for man's using his mind and heart to find beauty, is for Keats a "vale of soul-making" rather than the usual vale of tears.

The Sensuous Material of Poetry

The concept of beauty which Keats strove to create grew out of his belief that

> . . . poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance (Letter, Feb. 27, 1818).

The material for his poetry is usually both the tangible and the common, but condensed and made more vivid through the keener perceptions and deeper imaginings of the poet. Keats' beauty is of the here and now; his great tool of communication is our senses. When reading Keats' poems our bodies and fingertips come alive to warmth and softness, motion and languid ease; and we become heady with the sweet odors he describes; but most of all we see and hear, both in what he describes and in the richness of his word-melody. For example, alert your senses, sharpen your expectations, and enjoy the following random quotes from Keats' poems:

Yet never did I breathe its pure serene.

. . . and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise.

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass . . .

A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.

. . . have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
Oh Yel who feast them upon the wideness of the sea;

. . . then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the plowboy's heavy shoes . . . .

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine.

Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine . . . .

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone . . . .

The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth . . . .

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in wooly fold. . . .

Candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet . . . .

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies . . . .

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

If you have read these passages hurriedly, or silently, or unsympathetically, or skipped them entirely to get to the heart of the matter, reread them slowly, aloud, with a deliberate attempt to enjoy them to the full. If these universal images are successfully absorbed, they will become as old friends when they are found with the larger poems in which they occur.

Method of Studying Keats

From one point of view Keats' poetry might be compared to a holiday steamed suet pudding served with hot, honey-gold sauce. Because it is so very rich and so condensed, it cannot be gulped down against time, but must be contemplated and dissolved, a leisurely spoonful at a time. Taken in this manner, Keats is delicious and delightful rather than difficult.

From another point of view, approaching Keats is like standing before the treasure-door of the fabulous Far East with Aladdin's lamp in your hand, undecided what to wish for before the genie is summoned with a rub. While any list must be partial and arbitrary, the following might serve as useful preliminary hints. If you desire a story of romance, and mystery, read "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (text, page 282), and "The Eve of St. Agnes" (text, pp. 286-291); melody is everywhere, but it is particularly powerful in "Ode to a Nightingale" (text, pp. 284-285); more strongly than almost any place else in English literature the spirit of Grecian art is felt in "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (text, pp. 281-282); and beauty of nature lives in "Endymion," (text, pp. 278-279, "On the Sea" (text, page 276), "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent" (text, page 275), and "To Autumn" (text, pp. 291-292); the pathos of Keats' own life is evident in "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" (text, page 286), "On Fame" (text, pp. 282-283), "Ode on Melancholy" (text, pp. 280-281), "Bright Star" (text, page 292), and throughout his letters, which are simple, direct, warm, intense, and pervaded by the true fears and excellences of Keats' personality.

Among all the romantic poets, the voice of Keats is one of the mildest; certainly his tone is the sweetest, his mood the most peaceful. As person and as poet he is both source and fulfillment of his famous first line from "Endymion"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why might Keats' life be called tragic?
2. How can we account for Keats having achieved so much in the realm of poetry in so short a time?
3. What materials did Keats use in his poetry?
4. Discuss the images in one of Keats' poems.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 19—Preparing the Way

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(This lesson is taken from a sermon delivered by Elder Orson Pratt in Salt Lake City, July 8, 1855, and printed as chapter 35 in *The Progress of Man.*)

For Tuesday, March 24, 1953

Objective: To make clear that the Constitution of the United States and other national constitutions which embody good principles are forerunners to prepare the people for the perfect government when Christ shall rule as King.

God's Government to Be Established

"THE subject of the coming of the kingdom of God, and its organization upon the earth, is one of vast importance to the present generation, as well as to all past generations, who are equally concerned with the present. Ever since the day that men were organized upon the earth they have been equally concerned in regard to that period—that eventful period when God's kingdom should be established upon the earth. That day or period has been looked forward to as the perfection of their glory and exaltation.

"And when that time comes, all governments, and systems of government, that have been organized upon this little creation of the Almighty, contrary to the order of heaven, or in other words—all governments that have not been theocratical in their nature, but that have been organized in a greater or less degree by man's wisdom, will be done away.

Man-Made Governments Introduced

"The Almighty in some degree controls among mankind, as far as they will let him. He controls the destinies of the nations, as far as they will permit him; yet he does not control them so far as to destroy the agency of the human family, consequently they, through their own corrupt notions, have departed from the great principles of government given by the Lord to man in the beginning. Mankind have felt a disposition to seek after some kind of government of their own; they have all seemed to manifest a feeling to have a different government from the one established by the Almighty; and hence, they have all rebelled against his government, and they have introduced creeds and systems of their own manufacturing.

"If there had been a government upon the face of the earth, from the creation of man to the present time, according to the mind and will of God, you would not have seen in the present age, and in generations that are past, different nations, different classes of people, having different governments, as we now behold them; but there would have been a oneness of nationality—a unity existing over all

the earth. But mankind have existed for ages past in a divided state—in a broken condition, because of their rebellion against the laws and government of heaven.

"If God made this earth, and all things that pertain unto it, and if all were created for his honor and glory he has the right to govern and control them by his own laws; and he has a right to enforce that government, and show himself able to control the works of his hands, and it is the duty of all men to render obedience to his requirements. The government of heaven would not have been separated from the government of men, or in other words, there would not have been two kinds, one called ecclesiastical and the other a civil government; but inasmuch as they have rebelled, and become corrupt and wicked, governments have been introduced of a different character; and the Lord has, in some measure, sanctioned those governments, so far as there were good principles existing among them.

All Good Governments and Laws From God

"All good principles and laws have emanated from the Almighty, and have come to man by inspiration from him. For instance, the government of the United States or the Constitution, came from him; it was given, we believe, by inspiration, and there are many things connected with the various institutions of men that are very good. There are many good laws and good institutions in the government of the United States, as well as among many other governments; but the government of the United States is one of the best that has been organized among men upon the face of the earth for many generations.

"Did the Lord have a hand in the organization of the United States government, asks the enquirer? Yes; the Lord had a hand in framing its Constitution. Why did not the Lord, at that time, introduce a perfect government — a theocracy? It was simply because the people were not prepared for it—they were too corrupt; and although they had more integrity, more virtue, more honesty, and more sympathy and feeling for that which is just, and upright, and good, than any other portion of the inhabitants of the earth, and probably more than a great many now have, yet they were far from being prepared for the government of God, which is a government of union.

"They were far from that, consequently, the Lord inspired them to introduce a government that he knew would be just suited to their capacity, and hence, it was that he inspired Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, and others, to introduce those measures which they did, and to carry them out; and they were such as were just suited to the conditions and circumstances of the people, hence, the government of the United States, we, as a people, venerate and defend!

"Why do we do this? We do it because God had his hand in the organization of it; he controlled it so far as he could do so without interfering with the agency of man.

"We have seen plainly and clearly that had it not been for the organization of this government, as has wisely and justly been said, where

would have been the liberty of Latter-day Saints?

"This government, then, was organized to suit the circumstances in which they were placed, until they were prepared to receive a more perfect one.

God's Kingdom to Govern the Earth

"But will the government of the United States continue for ever? No, it is not sufficiently perfect; and notwithstanding it has been sanctioned by the Lord at a time when it has suited to the circumstances of the people, yet the day will come, (I will say it on my own responsibility and not that of this people), the day will come when the United States government and all others will be uprooted, and the kingdoms of this world will be united in one, and the kingdom of our God will govern the whole earth, and bear universal sway; and no power beneath the heavens can prevent this taking place, if the Bible be true, and we know it to be true.

"The Lord will govern all things that he has made and created, for it is entered upon the records of heaven, that all nations shall bow to his authority; and, consequently, we respect the government of the United States, because it has good principles in it, but not that we think it will endure for ever.

A Perfect System of Church Government

"Many great and glorious principles are contained within the Constitution of our country. We do not say that it is perfect, but it is perfect so far as it pertains to the rights and privileges of the children of men. But there is a nucleus of a government, formed since that of the United States, which is perfect in its nature, having emanated from a Being *who is perfect.*

"But some may enquire, is it right—is it lawful for another government to be organized within the United States of a theocratical nature? Yes, perfectly so! Does not the Constitution of our country guarantee to all religious societies the right of forming any ecclesiastical government they like? Certainly it does, and every intelligent man knows this to be a fact.

"The nucleus of such a government is formed, and its laws have emanated from the throne of God, and it is perfect, having come from a pure fountain, but does this make us independent of the laws of the United States?

The Constitution a Forerunner

"No, this new government does not come in contact with the government of the United States. In keeping our covenants and observing our religious laws and ceremonies, or the laws that God has given to the children of men, we are not required to violate the principles of right that are contained in the Constitution and laws of the United States.

"Had not the government of the United States been framed, where would have been safety for this people? I answer, nowhere. If this republican government had not been organized upon this continent, the kingdom of our God could not have been protected; but the hand of the Lord has been in it, and

superintended its organization, and no one can hinder its progress.

"If this government had been formed in any other kingdom or nation upon the earth, except the United States, where would have been the privileges and liberties of this people?

"Without the interference of the Almighty, and the manifestation of his miraculous power for our protection, we should have been rooted out of the earth.

"God foresaw this—he knew what would take place, long beforehand, and he saw that it was not only necessary to have a day set for the preparation, and also for the beginning of the Latter-day work; but it was likewise important for the different kingdoms and nations which were in existence, and that had been organized by man to go to work and start up some religious reform, and for the people to struggle against their mother church, and to fight against her tyranny and oppressions, that religious liberty and freedom, and the right of a free exercise of their religious opinions might be guaranteed to the human family, not all at once, but gradually. We find that at the reformation, when the great struggle for freedom and religious liberty took place, some of them were wrought upon to come to this new continent for the purpose of securing to themselves religious freedom and religious right; and inspired by the Almighty, as was Columbus who discovered this land, they planted their feet upon the American soil.

"They were an humble people and God began to work in their minds, and they continued to increase, for a while, in union and love, having obtained privileges which before they were deprived of; and no doubt they imagined to themselves that universal freedom was about to be ushered in, but it was not exactly so, neither was that degree of liberty to suffice which they had then secured; but it was like John the Baptist's mission, merely to prepare the way. It was said of John, that among all that were born of women there were none greater than he, and yet the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than he, and of all the governments that had arisen among men, there was none so great and good as the government of the United States, and yet the government of God in its very infancy was greater than it.

"And why was this? Because its laws emanated from a *perfect Being*.

"It was for this purpose, then, that a republic was organized upon this continent to prepare the way for a kingdom which shall have dominion over all the earth to the ends thereof.

The Kingdom of God Promised

"Hence, the prophet Daniel has told us that the kingdom of God should be cut out of the mountains without hands; in other words, when the kingdom of God should be taken from the mountains, it should be taken by the power of the Almighty, and not by human hands; it should be organized by the Lord and governed by his laws. God, who interests himself in the affairs of men, was to speak from the heavens, and inspire his servants to give laws and revelations to his people, informing them that his kingdom

was to be taken from the mountains in his own due time, and that it should increase until it should become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

"Do the people suppose that they can frustrate the designs of the Almighty, and put to death the prophets who are sent among them, and fight and war against them, and belch out their rage, and threats, and persecute them as they have done, without being brought into judgment?

"The wicked suppose they can do this with impunity, but there is a God who holds the helm of the ship of Zion, and who will carry out his purposes with regard to the Saints of Latter-days, in which the kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom, and the dominion under the whole heavens, shall be given to the saints of the Most High, and they shall possess it for ever and for ever" (Journal History, July 8, 1855).

Thoughts for Discussion

1. In what way may the mission of the Constitution of the United States be likened to the mission of John the Baptist?

2. Show that both are forerunners preparing the way for the greater kingdom yet to be established.

3. Discuss this statement: "All good principles and laws have emanated from the Almighty, and have come to man by inspiration from him." Cite some specific instances.

Early Sunrise

Gertrude Kovan

Slowly, over the mountain,
Covered with late-fallen snow,
Crept the early morning sunrise,
Warming all earth in its glow.

Then, as the sun climbed the heavens
To hang in the skies above,
Each tiny, golden sunbeam
Filled the day with eternal love.

Now, as the hours of evening
Draw closer, and sunset is here,
I pray that tomorrow's sunrise
Will be always, forever near.

Make Mittens From a Worn-Out Sweater

Thalia Black

USEFUL and attractive mittens may be made from a worn-out sweater. To cut the pattern, place the child's hand on a piece of heavy paper, with the fingers close together and the thumb extended. Draw a pencil line around the hand one inch from the edge, to make an allowance for the seam.

Pin the pattern on an old sweater with the wrist down, so that the bottom of the sweater may be used for the cuff of the mitten. Cut two pieces of the sweater for each mitten, one for the top and one for the bottom. Seam carefully on the sewing machine, using a small stitch and going around the mitten twice, for extra strength. Be sure that all of the ends of the yarn are securely caught in the stitching.

The mittens may be trimmed with attractive designs, using bright-colored yarn or embroidery floss. Buttonhole the edges with yarn or embroidery floss to match the color used in the trimming design.

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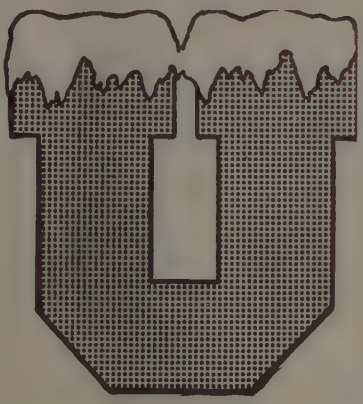

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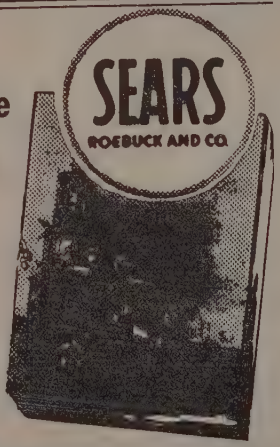
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

ALL the SHOPS of a BIG CITY



IN ONE BIG CATALOG!

There's still plenty of time to gift shop from Sears Catalog Order Desk. Tens of thousands of wonderful gift items await your selection. Helpful personnel will assist you in making out your order.

Basement—Salt Lake City Store

There are Catalog Order Desks in Ogden, Logan, Provo—many smaller towns, too.

Not Wholly Yourself

Kate Richards

A little sorrow, a little pain, accompanied by a stab of fear, will bring a desire for some dear one to lean upon, whose voice is a prayerful plea for your good.

You look into his eyes and gain courage from his faith, from his pleading; you think of his sacrifices and love for others, and you are lifted up by what has been transmitted from his soul to yours.

You also learn how little you are in and of yourself. Nothing is wholly and completely you, because you are affected by everyone who shares your life, and by nothing so much as their prayers and hopes for you.

Emergence

Margery S. Stewart

She is too old for lullabies,
And I have none to spin,
Nothing to do but mark the hours
Her anguish entered in.
Walk my way and hold my tongue,
There are songs to heal the young.

She is too old for fairy tales,
And I have none to tell,
Though once the telling of them wound
Her in their golden spell.
But life has taught her princes fail
And love proves tenuous and frail.

She is too old for childish games,
And I have none to play,
And all the days she romped and laughed
Seem far and far away.
Oh, quietly do I watch to see
The woman pain presents to me.

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A New Method of Map Construction

Rose A. Openshaw

ALTHOUGH oil painting and the composition of prose and poetry are major sources of delight in my life, there are other hobbies also that engross me, and map-making is one of them.

I find it a joy to construct maps, especially those of the Holy Land where Jesus trod. Time-consuming—yes, but when completed you have not only the map (and its texture is beautiful) to lend lasting interest and pleasure, but a mind filled with information as well.

My method of map construction, which I find entirely satisfactory, is all my own and is a possible shortcut over many others.

Laid over the original I wish to duplicate (maps may be borrowed from schools, churches, seminaries, libraries, etc) is a sheet of plain white tissue paper (such as is used for gift wrapping) and the map's outline, with the cities, rivers, and mountains, is carefully traced with pencil. Then, spreading warm paste (made by boiling water and flour to the right consistency) onto a piece of old sheet or other used or unused white material, and somewhat larger than the map, to allow for a hem, I lay the tissue paper, traced side up, pressing gently into the paste.

When thoroughly dried, the map may be ironed on both sides, and the edges trimmed and hemmed.

For greater clarity and permanence, which also doubly impresses the locations on the mind, the pencil marks should be retraced with pen and ink (crayons may furnish color, blue for water, etc., following the tints of the original map).

The finished production may then be tacked to a long, narrow board, and a key ring inserted in the center for hanging purposes. (An ice pick is excellent for puncturing holes.)

Several maps of this variety are in my possession, all too choice for money to buy; and I use them over and over in teaching and in talks.

For charts, too, so essential in impressing facts, all that is required for material is a poster (these can be had in various sizes and are simply a pliable cardboard from your school supply store), a ball-point pen, and a bottle of India ink (a dollar's outlay, perhaps, in all). A key ring may be used for hanging, and a bit of adhesive tape reinforces corners at the back.

An eighteen-inch pointer, slightly larger in circumference than a lead pencil, so essential in directing the eye when using maps and charts, may be whittled by anyone handy with the knife, and will prove a most lasting treasure.

ADDRESSES OF SERVICEMEN NEEDED!

The Servicemen's Coordinator at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, is compiling a list of all former students who are now in the armed services of the United States. "It is our wish," the coordinator states, "to send all former Brigham Young University students now in the service a monthly letter containing campus news and describing important religious functions. In addition, we plan to send a copy of every edition of our campus paper, *The Brigham Young Universe*. To those on active duty we will send Christmas packages. Please send us the name and the full military address of the servicemen, as well as the address of his parents or guardian."

Servicemen's Coordinator, Box 2, station 1, Provo, Utah

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3. **THIS DAY AND ALWAYS** $2.00
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5. **THE SPOKEN WORD** $2.00

6. **THE BOOK OF MORMON TESTIFIES** **Sidney B. Sperry**
Newest book by the author who has made the Book of Mormon live for thousands. This new work is the result of years of research on the part of one of our best Church scholars, Professor of Old Testament Languages and Literature at Brigham Young University. **$3.00**

7. **VOICE FROM THE DUST** **Genet Bingham Dee**
The complete Book of Mormon story and doctrine in a readable, fascinating form; good reading both for young people and adults. **$4.00**

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